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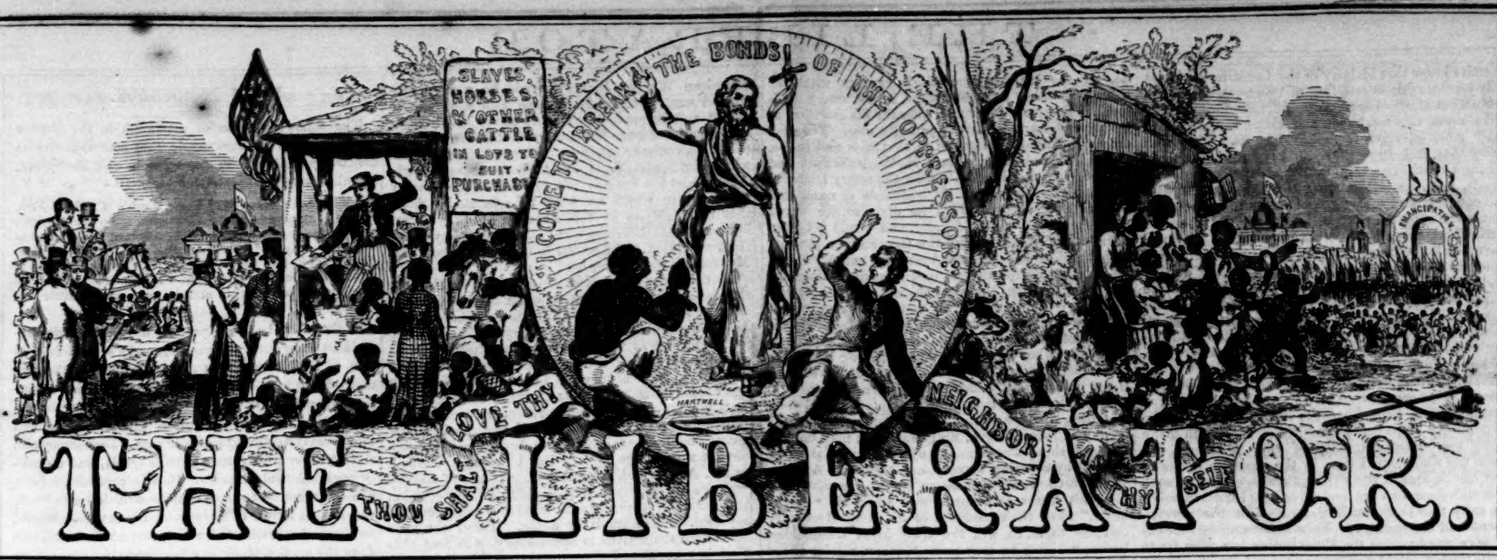


The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

☞ "What order of men under the most absolute of monarchies, or the most aristocratic of republics, was ever invested with such an odious and unjust privilege as that of the separate and exclusive representation of less than half a million owners of slaves, in the Hall of this House, in the chair of the Senate, and in the Presidential mansion? This investment of power in the owners of one species of property concentrated in the highest authorities of the nation, and disseminated through thirteen of the twenty-six States of the Union, constitutes a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known. To call government thus constituted a Democracy is to insult the understanding of mankind. . . . It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and of slavery. There is no name in the language of national jurisprudence that can define it—no model in the records of ancient history, or in the political theories of Aristotle, with which it can be likened. It was introduced into the Constitution of the United States by an equivocation—a representation of property under the name of persons. Little did the members of the Convention from the Free States imagine or foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hidden under the mask of this concession."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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# Refuge of Oppression.

## THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Some time since, Marshal McDowell (United States Marshal for Kansas,) addressed a letter to the United States Attorney General, stating that he did not deem it his duty to return fugitives to Missouri, until she became more loyal, and asking for advice on that subject. The following was the reply:—

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, July 23, 1861.

*J. L. McDowell, U. S. Marshal, Kansas:*

SIR,—Your letter of the 11th of July, received 19th, (under frank of Senator Lane, Kansas,) asks advice whether or no you should give your official services in the execution of the *Fugitive Slave Law.*

It is the President's constitutional duty to "take care that the *laws* be faithfully executed." That means *all* the laws. He has no right to discriminate, no right to execute the laws he likes, and leave unexecuted those he dislikes. And, of course, you and I, his subordinates, can have no wider latitude of discretion than he has. Missouri is a State *in the Union.* The insurrectionary disorders in Missouri are but individual crimes, and do not change the legal *status* of the State, nor change its obligations as a member of the Union.

A refusal, by a ministerial officer, to execute *any* law which properly belongs to his office, is official misdemeanor, of which I do not doubt the President would take notice. Very respectfully,

EDWARD BATES.

It is gratifying to see from the above that the Administration mean to give no countenance to the views and machinations of what used to be familiarly called "the Abolition wing of the Republican party," or to Wendell Phillips, Giddings, Garrison, and the like.

It is a little late in the day for subordinates to be construing the Constitution and limiting their duties to suit their prejudices or convenience. Hence Marshal McDowell must not be astonished to find himself rebuked for assuming that Missouri is not in the Union. It was somewhat approaching the height of impudence for any Marshal to decide the question for Missouri, as Marshal McDowell decided it, in view of the action of our Convention.

The President, as will be perceived by Mr. Bates's letter, is determined that the laws of Congress shall be executed, and constitutional obligations faithfully complied with. He has assumed that where no law exists, and the Constitution is in imminent danger, he may proceed to seize hold of the most obvious means for its defence. But this is only in tremendous exigencies, when the life of the nation is supposed to be threatened, and the question of whether or not a republican government can be maintained in strength and dignity is in danger of being instantly decided in the negative. At such times, the President assumes that, in the implied contemplation of the Constitution, he has a right to spring to its defence in the attitude of the Roman Dictator, lest the Republic be ruined before it can be *regularly* saved. But such action supposes a crisis which will not probably be the experience of a well-regulated nation once in a century. But because a President—the Chief Magistrate—may disregard the directions of a statute at such a time, it by no means follows that his subordinates may do it at any time, when in the plenitude of their private judgment they choose to act both absurdly and disobediently.

The letter of Mr. Bates, as evincing both the willingness and determination of the Administration to give all parts of the Union the benefits of the guarantees secured by the Constitution, so that the rights, interests and property of all good and true citizens shall be protected alike, is one which will be read with great pleasure by at least four-fifths, if not five-sixths, of all the people of the United States.—*St. Louis Republican.*

SEDITIOUS RADICALISM. The United States have been brought into the present straits in part by the seditious radicalism of such journals as the *Liberator* and the *Tribune.* All men now see the evil, and in their anxiety to abate it are overstepping the limits of reason and justice, and sometimes not unnaturally making mistakes in their objects. Speaking for ourselves as journalists, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, *a law of the press* is one of the imperative exigencies of public order in the United States. To overawe, or to crush it by any violent or arbitrary means, is, to say the least, unfriendly to public and private liberty. But to put on trial for deliberate examination and conviction, if guilty, those who stir up sedition and disunion in the Union, would be not only salutary and in conformity with the law of self-defence, but, we believe, has become a necessity. We might for a time have a good many trials of this sort. But the excitement would be a healthy one. The careful investigation and elucidation of principles essential to free institutions would be extremely useful. The public taste and the standing of public morals, as well as judgment, would be animated and elevated by it.—*Boston Courier.*

☞ Wendell Phillips and other Abolitionists urge incessantly upon the Administration a proclamation of emancipation to the slaves. They can see nothing worth gaining in a war to uphold the best of governments, the freest of constitutions, the hitherto unimpeded authority of law, and the good order of society, unless their wretched crotchets can also get furtherance in its conflicts.

The Secession organs come to the same conclusion by a different road. They hope the government will commit itself to the impolicy of wholesale emancipation, because in that event they know that we should have a united South to fight, no loyal Union men there to work with us, a divided North, an interrupted, crippled, and ineffectual war, and thus should entail upon the nation inevitably the very disruption to prevent which the North has risen to arms. This is not the first time Secessionists and Abolitionists have fought the same enemy.—*New York World.*

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.—A writer in the Savannah (Georgia) *Republican* asks the question: "How shall we dispose of the prisoners?"—and answers it as follows:—

"Let the Quartermaster-General of the Confederate States issue his proclamation, stating that the prisoners will be hired out to the highest bidder for some specified time, and in such number as the hirer may desire. I know of a gentleman of this city, a rice planter, who would gladly take two hundred of the Yankees on his plantation to build up and mend the dams of his fields. He is more desirous of doing this, he says, as the Northern gazettes have long asserted that we can do without negro labor, and he is anxious of testing the question. One good black driver to every forty Yankees would insure good order and lively work among them."

# Selections.

## THE SOURCE OF OUR TROUBLES.

We have received a handsomely printed pamphlet, just published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, entitled "THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS: An Oration delivered by request of the Citizens at Newport, R. I., July 4th, 1861, by HENRY JAMES." We give below its instructive and telling conclusion.

It is idle to talk,—as silly people, however, will talk, as all people will talk whose gross, grovelling hearts go back *to the flesh-pots of Egypt, when they eat bread to the full,*—it is idle to talk of our political troubles as springing up out of the ground, as having no graver origin than party fanaticism or folly. These troubles, on the contrary, are the inevitable fruit of our very best growth, the sure harbingers, I am persuaded, of that rising Sun of Righteousness whose beams shall never again know eclipse. They are merely an evidence, on a larger scale and in a public sphere, of the discord which every righteous man perceives at some time or other to exist between his essential human spirit and his perishable animal flesh. For every nation is in human form, is in fact but an aggregate or composite form of manhood, greatly grander and more complex than the simple forms of which it is made up, but having precisely the same intense unity within itself, and claiming, like each of them, a quickening, controlling spirit, and an obedient servile body. This animating, controlling spirit of our national polity, like that of our own private souls, is Divine, comes from God exclusively, and is only revealed, never exhausted, only embodied or empowered, never belittled or enfeebled, by the literal symbols in which human wisdom contrives to house it. That part of the letter of our Constitution which best reveals the majestic human spirit that animates our polity is of course its preamble. But the real divinity of the nation, its vital, imperishable holiness, resides not in any dead parchment, but only in the righteous, unselfish lives of those who see in any constitution but the luminous letter of their inward spiritual faith, but the visible altar of their invisible worship, and rally around it, therefore, with the joyous, unshrinking devotion not of slaves but of men.

Now, such being the undoubted spirit of our polity, what taint was there in its material constitution, in our literal maternal inheritance, to affront this righteous paternal spirit and balk its rich promise, by turning us its children from an erect, sincere, hopeful and loving brotherhood of men intent upon universal aims, into a herd of greedy, luxurious swine, into a band of unscrupulous political adventurers and sharpers, the stink of whose corruption pervades the blue spaces of ocean, penetrates Europe, and sickens every struggling nascent human hope with despair?

The answer leaps at the ears; it is Slavery, and Slavery only. This is the poison which lurked almost harmless at first in our body politic, and to which its righteous soul is an utter stranger; this is the curse we inherited from the maternal English Eve, out of whose somewhat loose, lascivious lap we sprung. But of late years the poison has grown so rank and pervasive, making its citadel, indeed, the very heart of the commonwealth, or those judicial and legislative chambers whence all the tides of its activity proceed, that each successive political administration of the country proves more recreant to humanity than its predecessor, until at last we find shameless, God-forsaken men, holding high place in the government, become so rabid with its virus as to mistake its slimy, purulent ooze for the ruddy tide of life, and commend its foul and fetid miasm to us as the fragrant breath of assured health. It is easy enough to falsify the divinity which is shaping our constitutional action, wherever a will exists to do so. Men whose most cherished treasure can be buttoned up in their breeches pocket, and whose heart, of course, is with their treasure, are doubtless panting to convince the country that we have already done enough for honor, and the sooner a sham peace is hurried up, the better. It only needs a wily wolf of this sort to endue himself here and there in sheep's clothing, and bleat forth a cunning, pathetic lament over the causeless misfortunes which have befallen our bread-and-butter interests, to see dozens of stupid sheep taking up in their turn the sneaking, hypocritical bleat, and preparing their innocent fleece for his dishonest, remorseless shears. The friends of Mammon are numerous in every community; but, blessed be God, they nowhere rule in the long run. They are numerous enough to give an odious flavor to the broth; but they never constitute its body. It is impossible that we should err in this great crisis of our destiny, a crisis to which that of our national birth or independence yields in dignity and importance, as much as body yields to soul, flesh to spirit, childhood to manhood. For this is the exact crisis we are in; the transition from youth to manhood, from appearance to reality, from passing shadow to deathless substance. Every man and every nation of men encounters somewhere in its progress a critical hour, big with all its future fate; and woe be to the man, woe be to the nation, who believes that this sacred responsibility can be trifled with! To every man and to every nation it means eternal life or eternal death; eternal liberty or eternal law; the heaven of free, spontaneous order, or the hell of enforced prudential obedience. There is no man who hears me who does not know something of this bitter sweat and agony; whose petty, trivial cares have not been dignified and exalted by some glimpse of this hidden inward fight; who has not at times heard the still small voice of truth on the one hand counselling him to do the right thing, though ruin yawn upon his hopes,—counselling him *to force himself* to do the honest thing, though it cost him tears of blood,—and the earthquake voice of hell on the other, or the fiery breath of passion infuriated by long starvation, doing its best to drown and devour it. Our national life, believe me, is at that exact pass in this awful moment, and nowhere else. It is the hour of our endless rise into all beautiful human proportions, into all celestial vigor and beatitude, or of our endless decline into all infernality and uncleanness, and into the inevitable torments which alone discipline such uncleanness. And we must not hesitate for a moment to fight it manfully out to its smiling, blissful end, feeling that it is not our own battle alone, that we are not fighting for our own country only, for our own altars and firesides as men have fought hitherto, but for the altars and firesides of universal man, for the ineradicable rights of human nature itself. Let bloated European aristocracies rejoice in our calamities; let the mutton-headed hereditary legislators of England raise a shout of insult and exultation over our anticipated downfall; the honest, unsophisticated masses everywhere will do us justice, for they will soon see, spite of all efforts to blind them, that we occupy in this supreme moment no petty Thermopylæ guarding some paltry Greece, but the broad majestic pass that commands the deathless wealth and worth of human nature itself, the Thermopylæ of the human mind; they will soon see, in fact, that our flags are waving, our trumpets sounding, our cannon showering their deathful hail, not merely to avenge men's outraged political faith and honor, but to vindicate the inviolable sanctity of the human form itself, which for the first time in history is Divinely bound up with that faith and honor.

This is the exact truth of the case. The political tumble-down we have met with is no accident, as unprincipled politicians would represent it. It is the fruit of an inevitable expansion of the human mind itself, of an advancing social consciousness in the race, an ever-widening sense of human unity, which will no longer be content with the old channels of thought, the old used-up clothes of the mind, but irresistibly demands larger fields of speculation, freer bonds of intercourse and fellowship. We have only frankly to acknowledge this great truth, in order to find the perturbation and anxiety which now invade our unbelieving bosoms dispelled; in order to hear henceforth, in every tone of the swelling turbulence that fills our borders, no longer forebodings of disease, despair, and death, but prophecies of the highest health, of kindling hope, of exuberant righteousness, and endless felicity for every man of woman born. "I was once," says an old writer, "I was once in a numerous crowd of spirits, in which everything appeared at sixes and sevens: they complained, saying that now a total destruction was at hand, for in that crowd nothing appeared in consociation, but everything loose and confused, and this made them fear destruction, which they supposed also would be total. But in the midst of their confusion and disquiet, I perceived a soft sound, angelically sweet, in which was nothing but what was orderly. The angelic choirs thus present were within or at the centre, and the crowd of persons to whom appertained what was disorderly were without or at the circumference. This flowing angelic melody continued a long time, and it was told me that hereby was signified how the Lord rules confused and disorderly things which are upon the surface, namely, *by virtue of a pacific principle in the depths or at the centre; whereby the disorderly things upon the surface are reduced to order, each being restored from the error of its nature.*" The pacific and restorative principle which in the same way underlies all our political confusion and disorder, and which will irresistibly shape our national life to its own righteous and orderly issues, is the rising sentiment of human society or fellowship, the grand, invincible faith of man's essential unity and brotherhood. The social conscience, the conscience of what is due to every man as man, having the same divine origin and the same divine destiny with all other men, is becoming preternaturally quickened in our bosoms; and woe betide the church, woe betide the state, that ventures to say to that conscience, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!

Slavery has this incredible audacity. Slavery, which is the only institution of our European inheritance we have left unmodified, confronts and spits upon this rising tide of God's righteousness in the soul of man. Slavery boldly denies what all our specific culture affirms, namely, the inviolable sanctity of human affection in every form, the inviolable freedom of human thought in every direction. The cultivated intelligence of the race abhors the claim of any human being to possess an *absolute* property in any other being, that is, a property unvivified by the other's unforced, spontaneous gift. Slavery affirms this diabolic pretension,—affirms the *unqualified* title of the master to outrage, if need be, the sacredest instincts of natural affection in the slave, and to stifle at need his feeblest intellectual expansion. Accordingly, the heart of man, inspired by God and undepraved by Mammon, pronounces slavery with no misgiving an unmitigated infamy; and the intelligence of man, thence enlightened, declares that its empire shall not be extended. We have no right to say that evil shall not exist where it already does exist without our privity; but we have not only all manner of right, both human and divine, to say that its existence shall not be promoted by our active connivance; it is our paramount wisdom as men, and our paramount obligation as citizens, to say so. Such, at all events, is our exact social attitude with respect to slavery. Every unsophisticated soul of man feels it to be what it actually is, namely, the ultimate or most general form, and hence the king of all the evil pent up in human nature; so that when *it* once disappears by the clear indignant refusal of the human mind any longer actively to cooperate with it, all those interior and subtler shapes of evil which now infest us, and are held together by it as the viscera of the body are held together by the skin, will be dissipated along with it. We know not when the hour of this great salvation shall strike. We only know that as God is just and sovereign, it must strike ere long, and that when it does strike, the morning stars of a richer creation than has yet been seen on earth will sing together, and all the sons of God in every subtlest, ineffable realm of his dominion shout for joy. Our government itself is waking up from its long trance; is beginning to perceive that there is something sacreder than commerce on earth,—that the interests of this very commerce, in fact, will best be promoted by first of all recognizing that there are depths in the human soul, demands of immaculate righteousness and assured peace, which all the pecuniary prosperity of the world can never satisfy. In short, the government is fast coming, let us hope, to a consciousness of its distinctively social or human function, by practically confessing that its supreme responsibility is due only to man, and no longer to persons, or infuriated sectional exactions. Of course, in pursuing this career, it will become gradually converted from the mere tool it has hitherto been for adroit political knaves to do what they please with, into a grandly social force, reflecting every honest human want, fulfilling every human aspiration. What matters it, then, if we forfeit the empty political prestige we have hitherto enjoyed with European *statesmen?* Let us only go on overtly to inaugurate that promised perfect society on earth, all whose officers shall be *peace,* and its sole exactors *righteousness,* by practically acknowledging on all occasions the infinite Divine Good enshrined in man's heart, the infinite Divine Truth enthroned in his understanding, and we shall fast attain to a social standing in the eyes of European *peoples* which shall grandly compensate our mere political disasters, and do more to modify the practice of European statesmen themselves than anything else we could possibly do.

In this state of things, how jealously should we watch the Congress to-day assembling at Washington! How clear should be the watchword we telegraph to guide their deliberations! Have *we* indeed no higher monition for our legislature than old heathen Rome supplied to hers, namely, *to see that the Republic suffer no damage?* The body is much, but it is not the soul. The Republic is much, but it is not all. It is much as a means, but nothing as an end. It is much as a means to human advancement, but nothing as its consummation. It is much as an onward march of the race, it is nothing whatever as its final victory and rest. Let us be sure that, so far as we are concerned, our legislators understand this. Let them know that we value the Republic so much, only because we value man more; that we value peace, prosperity, and wealth, not as ends, but as means to an end, which is justice, truth, and mercy, in which alone man's real peace, his true prosperity, and his abiding wealth reside, and which will be ours only so long as we are faithful to the gospel of human freedom and equality. For my part, if I thought that our rulers were going to betray in this agonizing hour the deathless interest confided to them,—if I thought that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were going at last to palter with the sublime instincts of peace and righteousness that elevated them to power, and give them all their personal prestige, by making the least conceivable further concession to the obscene demon of Slavery,—then I could joyfully see Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward scourged from the sacred eminence they defile, yea more, could joyfully see our boasted political house itself laid low in the dust forever, because in that case its stainless stars and stripes would have sunk from a banner of freemen into a dishonored badge of the most contemptible people on earth; a people that bartered away the fairest spiritual birthright any people ever yet were born to, for the foulest mess of material pottage ever concocted of shameless lust and triumphant fraud.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SOUTH?

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Of all humbugs, there are none greater than so-called unanswerable arguments. Whenever you hear a man allude to such logical fortresses, reader, as being under his command, depend upon it that they have never been attacked by a vigorous foe, and that they have been occupied by a very vain and vapory garrison. No old campaigner in the wars of Truth believes in the existence of unanswerable arguments.

Our Southern foes have always been celebrated for unanswerable arguments, and we have, like good-natured ninnies, generally conceded all and everything to them. For instance, we say, "Yes, oh! certainly," when told that slavery *must* always exist "down South," because only the negro can work there. "Only the negro can endure the climate, you know." Now treat this specimen of the unanswerable with a vigorous denial, and see how it comes out. The experience of the whole world shows it to be a flat lie. You cannot point me out anything within the whole range of human efforts which a negro can do, but that a white man can do it better. Cotton can be better cultivated by white men than slaves; if a black only lives till thirty on a rice plantation, a white can labor there till thirty-five; or if Indo-Germanic lives be too expensive, the Cooley, who *is* a white man, may serve at a pinch. But this everlasting pestilential rice-field business has really nothing to do with the question. It is not rice but cotton, for which Cuffy is kept; and cotton is just as susceptible of small farm culture as any other plant; witness the German cotton-farm of Texas. As for the intolerable heat, it is briefly an intolerable humbug. There are very few points in the South where there is as much suffering during the summer months from heat as in Philadelphia, or where the nights are not cooler from being relieved either by sea or mountain-breezes. Yet, there is probably more hard work done in Philadelphia and the vicinity, during the summer, than in any other city of the same population, at the same time, in the world. So much for an unanswerable argument. Perhaps there are facts modifying my own rebutter. Yes, "and perhaps again." But the argument is not unanswerable.

Another of these precious impregnable positions is the one so often advanced by my secession friends in a modified form of What will he do with it? "*Sir,*" exclaims a secessionist, (it is remarkable, by the way, that secessionists, like all Southerners, are given to what poor Winthrop happily described as wearing black clothes and saying *Sir,*) "what do you propose to do with the South, even granting that you *can* conquer her? Do you expect, sir, to hold her as a conquered province? And if not—what then, sir?" Just at present, this particular unanswerable is in high favor with the doughfaces, compromisers, and all other varieties of that moral mulatto animal who flits, bat-like, between the contending armies of the birds and beasts. Suppose we conquer it, what shall we do with our South?

Before attacking this fresh unanswerable, let us turn it well over. The fact is, that the war, in all its relations, is as yet far from being understood. It takes longer to learn a war than to learn a language. Nay, to fully comprehend one, it is perhaps necessary to be born in a war and grown up to it. A war does not seriously paralyze manufactures, disorganize exchanges and reverse all the conditions of business, when people are familiar with and *comprehend* it. The great wealthy towns of Europe, which flourished along the old line of Oriental trade—Augsburg, Nuremberg, Bruges, Ghent and the rest, grew up in war. The weaver sat sword-girt at his loom, and the Fugger drew his little bill on London as he did his cross-bow on the enemy. They comprehended war.

Let us, then, to understand this war of ours, begin by observing that no people can be said to *realize* it, who intuitively avoid all consideration of extreme measures of hostility. To win, one must be prepared to go as far, at least, as the adversary. Moderately if we can, fiercely if we must, is the rule popularly formulized by the exhortation to some dallier of ancient days by the expression, "Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun!" Here the South have an advantage over us; they know their guilt, and knowing, *dare* more than we do. They have, consequently, had no scruple in adopting extremely severe measures from the beginning. They have struck twelve to begin with. The C. S. A. had scarcely entered on their bastard life, ere Jefferson Davis promptly proclaimed the adoption of privateering. Privateering is, in reality, very nearly an anagram for a synonym. Call it pirateering, and you have what it amounts to, in reality, since there was never yet a prize privateered in which some injury was not inflicted in some way on *neutral* parties. We, however, do not endure the sending of vessels to "skin" the Southern coast and plunder the sea-side plantations. We have not got so far yet as to retaliate. Full retaliation is as yet only a future possibility. Stick a pin there, reader, and remember that from the refusing to abide by the election in which they had taken chances, down to date, the Southrons have, in every instance, *led* in aggression, in impropriety, in dishonorable and irritating outrage.

Since long time, Northern men have been frequently hung, robbed, tarred and feathered, or forcibly enlisted in the South. In a few perfectly authentic instances, women—ladies—have been imprisoned and most inhumanly treated, both by Southern mobs and Southern magistrates, the offence, in some cases, being that of expressing Union sentiments, but more frequently the mere accident of Northern birth. Here, with us, secessionists flaunt about in society, act openly as spies, nay, as in Breckinridge's case, utter their insolent treason in Congress, and are paid by us for so doing, without the slightest danger. Here, also, we have not got so far as the genial and fiery Southrons. They are, again, in this decidedly ahead. Observe, reader, I find no fault with the North. I simply say that we have all these things as yet off our consciences. We have not swindled the South—millions of Southern dollars now lie in New York banks—we might "nip" the foe in a thousand ways, were we as nippingly inclined as he.

Again, how proper has been our conduct as regards the negro? On this subject the Southern alarm-clock long since struck twelve in its loudest and most portentous tones. I have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of perusing in editorial sanctums a fair share of such Southern journals as have of late reached the North, and can testify that on this subject they have done their utmost to goad their readers to madness. The main object of the whole campaign, they say, is to excite black revolt, and urge them to make the South another San Domingo! Our white troops have, they assert, been stimulated by official assurances of unlimited ravishing and plunder, among the first families, but the negro is to be the great agent in all this hell-work. "Lying," according to Napoleon I., "is a power," and it must be conceded that, from this point of view, our Southern cotemporaries are wonderfully powerful men. They have carried this tremendous and dangerous power to the extreme of extravagance. Now, how is it here in the North? The United States Government—very properly, of course—is nervously anxious not to offend anybody concerned, by indorsing in any way negro emancipation. Gen. Butler is even very generally and popularly praised, because he, with jurisprudent shrewdness, solves the difficulty by pronouncing the negro a contraband. As a contraband, cuffy is allowed, in very limited numbers, to sweep up the camp, and is "returned" to any negro thief from over the border, who chooses to swear a custom-house oath as to the property. Great pains are taken to prevent the contraband from escaping North with Yankee regiments; everything is done, in fact, to establish a delicate regard for pro-slavery feeling. "Nothing is allowed in this exhibition to offend the feelings of the most fastidious!" So that it is not to be much wondered at, that John Bull, who has heard so much of the d—d Abolitionists, is amazed that since we have the name so thoroughly and completely, we have not the pluck to secure a little of the game. John don't understand us, of course! Meanwhile, our Christian forbearance is richly rewarded by the most stupendous, overwhelming, crushing and tearing slander and lies conceivable. That is what we get for it.

So far so good. But the war is a terrible and stupendous *truth,* which must come to a head. Sooner or later, it will get to extremes. It is a great pity; a very great pity, but extremes is the word. I am sorry to say it, but no man who has had his eyes open here among us since the war began, can doubt that the fever of Abolitionism has advanced with tremendous strides since the South has plunged into the headlong career of falsehood, oppression and fury, which characterized her conduct in the war. Our leaders and diplomatists and parlor politicians may proceed as gingerly as they please, but the multitude are taking a short-cut at the difficulty. We may regret it, but there is no fooling with facts. The crevasse is cracking, deny it or not, just as you please; but *unless the South yields, the days of slavery are numbered.* And not a very long number either.

Now we are coming to the preliminary question: "What shall we do with our South?" If it refuses to conform to the Constitution, if it will *not* live amicably with us under the mild and easy bond which is essential to our very existence, why, the war must go on. On, on, on, as far as you please. The most terrible defeat shall not daunt us, and we can *bear* far more than our fiery foe. There is no Waterloo for a Yankee. But every step, as we go on, sees all the delicate scruples of which I have spoken vanish; while at the end of all rises the terrible spectre of complete, unanimous abolition.

You men of the South, who have yelled, gasped and howled "abolition" for so many years, at every fluttering Northern rag, do you know *what* that wolf will look like when he really comes? You have cried, "Wolf! wolf!" and the doughfaces, aye, and true Northern shepherds, too, have run time and again to help you, and found that it was all naught. God help you when he comes, for you will see him like the wolf Fenris of Northern fable, whose hell-flaming jaws are to swallow a world. Keep quiet, there has been no abolitionism as yet. I do not think that even in the *Tribune* office there is a thorough, out-and-out *abolitionist;* that is to say, one of those intermediate links between a Red Jacobin and the Devil, who would literally San Domingo your whole country with blood and fire. But *gare le loup!* beware the wolf! Put fire to gun-powder, and it *will* explode, though all the holy ones of earth were worshipping about it. And the gun-powder is all here.

An abolitionized North would be a belt of ruin to a slaveholding South, though the latter had ten times its present power. As I said of the war, nobody has as yet learned it in all its fulness. When a man becomes an out-and-out abolitionist, he thinks that to free a negro, and if need be kill his master, is to do God service. He becomes a fanatic of the most terrible type. Keep on with your pirate privateering, your intolerable lies, robberies and murders, and you will see these fanatics springing up by millions. You have heard of the late great military rising in the North, of the men who pour in to be enlisted, of the millions subscribed. Let real abolitionism go on at the present rate, and, as the Lord liveth, there will be a rising, compared to which this excitement will be as a lucifer match to a powder-mill explosion. For then your last active, fearfully active foe will be the last living man of the North.

The not very scrupulous multitude will, in time, weary of indecisive strife, and begin to look about for means to effectually smash the South. Beware of a man who has a revolver in his hand, while his brain is seeking an argument to let drive at you, for there is great danger that he will speedily find one. When the abolition revolver begins to spin, look out. There will be little dread *then* of what we shall do with you if conquered. A South without negro slaves cannot be imagined as existing. You can be reduced to territories, or whatever we please. There is nothing but the negro in you; he forms your whole character!

When the North *officially* recognizes the freedom of the black, the jig will be up. How long will it take for the multitude to be ready for anything? There are not many widows and orphans and brotherless brothers and fathers without sons, as yet. Only here and there I hear a sad wail. But wait till they are plenty; wait till Southern falsehood and cruelty and treason have hung crape on ten thousand doors! God avert that day. But it is not what *I* wish or what *you* wish, but the inevitable *must* with which we have here to deal.

When the bereaved multitude clamor for the recognition of general emancipation, there will be very little trouble as to what we shall do with our South!—*Knickerbocker.*

## WE MUST FIGHT THEM, OR FREE THEM.

As this rebellion ripens, and the fierce, vindictive hatred of armed traitors toward the men who love the Union and towards the institutions of freedom takes shape and becomes concrete, the feeling, all over the free States, is becoming fixed and crystallized into conviction, that the time is drawing nigh when we must "fight them, or free them." Let us look this alternative in the face for a moment. There is nothing in it unnatural; indeed, is it not a fact that there is logic in the alternative, which will vindicate itself? The Southern rebel has educated his slave into the belief that the people opposed to him and his treason are the bitterest foes that the slave can have. We have farther to believe that, in every State, there are, on plantations and in cities, many men who are in bonds, but who know a good deal about the causes which underlie secession, and which have developed into rebellion and rank treason; but the great body of slaves may, for aught we know, so far trust their master as to fear and dread what they call the "Abolitionist." If that be so, then we must anticipate armed opposition from the slave, unless he shall be undeceived, as to the end attainable by this war. Why should he not oppose us? He sees no good to himself in our march through the South. Indeed, he has understood that it was the office and vocation of the "Abolitionist" to worry and capture the black race, and, of course, he is prepared to fight against us. There is no doubt that we shall have armed slaves against us. Our people are conservative—rightfully so. Law and loyalty are necessarily conservative, and it is said we must be careful of the Constitution and of all guarantied rights. All that is well enough. But we need not stultify ourselves. If slaves are made to oppose us or to help their masters oppose us! If these millions of men are compelled to work to our injury! Then, what? Why, then the alternative presents itself! We must fight them, or free them!

We must not fight them! Such warfare we cannot engage in. We are men for their masters! Then the alternative is left, and we must free them! And so surely as these blind rebels shall strengthen themselves by slave labor, using their "chattels" to our destruction, so surely we shall vitalize their property, and convert it into men and women! Why not? Why shall we not convert the slave whom his master compels to be hostile into the freeman who is ready to be friendly? It is wholly absurd to suppose that this rebellion can continue, and that slave labor can be turned against us, without a proclamation from our headquarters of deliverance and freedom to those who are enslaved.

And we say, in God's name, be it so! If slavery is to be thus turned against freedom, slavery had better be turned into freedom quickly! If the owners of men and women, under the name of chattels, shall madly use their property as *instruments of war,* and turn it to our destruction, then we prefer that those men and women shall belong to themselves, and give us the benefit of their skill and their experience and their strength and their new freedom.

There are higher and higher views to be taken of this whole question. But this will answer for now. And when the time comes that must compel us to fight them or free them, we say—Let them go free!—*New Bedford Mercury.*

## REV. GILBERT HAVEN ON "THE TIMES."

Rev. Gilbert Haven, late Chaplain of the Eighth Regiment, M. V. M., preached an able sermon in the Hanover Street Church, from the text, "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matt. xvi. 3. He said that he was somewhat embarrassed in speaking upon the subject at the present time, for he felt that the theme had passed beyond talking, and that his place and that of almost every young man in the congregation was not here to-day.

The signs of the times, the speaker said, were two-fold. The first was the peril of free government, and the second the emancipation of four millions of our fellow-men in chains. These two great duties stand out amid all the clouds of war that have gathered around us, and if they are discharged, God will honor us. But if we do not seek to carry them out, we are dishonored and destroyed as a nation. War is a terrible thing, but there are things vastly more terrible—the destruction of civil government and civil bondage. The destruction of our Constitution, if found unequal to the emergency, may not be a bad thing, and it is not this alone which should make us contend earnestly. It is not so much the peculiar form as the peculiar fact of civil liberty, resting upon the rights of every man, that is in extreme peril to-day in America. As Lord John Russell said recently, so the despots and aristocrats of Europe believe—"The bubble of democracy is broken." They rejoice, not particularly at the triumph of the Slave Power, but because of our degradation—because the nation which has been such a mortification and peril to them is about to cease. The government of the United States has startled the masses of Europe from their forced quiet, and it is not so much from pride as from a certain idea of personal safety that their monarchs rejoice at our downfall. And we are contending today, in the North, not only for our own liberties, but for the liberties of the whole world, who will be inspired by our example.

The war, then, in which we are engaged, is a war for liberty throughout the earth, and for our national independence, for our people cannot exist upon this continent except as a united nation. Men have fancied that we could separate, and form two great nations upon this continent with different purposes and principles. It is utterly impossible. The petty jealousies of States and minor differences are often the causes of war between neighboring nations; and how much greater is the chance of war under the circumstances we have supposed! It is necessary, therefore, that there should be but one government and one nation within our boundaries, and the struggle between the North and South has gone so far that if we now make terms of peace with them, we should become their serfs; and the boast of their Vice-President would prove true, that he could drive the North with a lady's riding whip! Not merely our pecuniary and commercial character will be affected, but our minds will be confined by the same yoke. The reputation we have achieved in the walks of science, literature and art, and the blessing of our Christian religion, have only been preserved to us by our independent position as a nation. When that is gone, and we bow at the feet of the Slave Power, our social fabric will fall also. And just so sure as this question is settled with any consideration for the Slave Power, the Church will be silenced in the North. They will not allow their institutions to be put in peril by the teachings of Northern ministers, and over these pulpits and preachers the slave-whip will crack.

There are four millions of persons to-day in the South who are somewhat happy while we are miserable. And it is well to have the tables turned, for God loves them as well as he does us. We have

neglected them; and when we dared to pray for them or mention their cause in our sermons, we have been told that we have gone beyond the rights of the pulpit. We talk of the tyrannies of Europe, but there is no government but our own which makes its own subjects chattels to be bought and sold.

We have all heard of these things a great many times, but now God has brought us face to face with this terrible iniquity. Human bondage is worse than human war, and our sons must fall in this contest because we neglected to guard against it. I do not wish for a slave insurrection; but I would not object to see it, for if a man cannot obtain his liberty except by force, he has a right to use that. That deliverance must come, for this continent cannot be cursed forever by human slavery. It is the desire of nearly every Union man in the border States, as I know from observation, that Congress should declare all the slaves free, and while loyal citizens might be recompensed for their loss, the disunionists should be left to suffer the consequences. If we will do this, all Europe will rise up and cry, "God bless you!" If we see and recognize this truth, we shall gain the approval of the world, and victory will at once be ours, and an enfeebled and worthless population will be replaced by a vigorous and valuable one.

The services were closed by singing the national anthem "America."—*Boston Journal.*

## LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', August 31, 1861.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN:

*Sir*,—The much speaking and writing of Abolitionists on the war should not be set down to their conceit and folly. Were it a war about maritime rights, or tariffs, or diplomatic civilities, or anything else on which they are not specially informed, others would be at least as competent as themselves to discuss it. But as it is a Slavery-begotten war, they have a peculiar claim to be heard upon it, who have given up their lives to the study of Slavery. The conceit and folly are not on the part of the Abolitionists, who, at such a time as this, offer advice, but on the part of those who turn contemptuously away from it. Prosperous and happy, beyond all other nations, would ours now be, had she consented to profit by the foresight of the Garrisons and Goodells, Phillipses and Cheevers. But she contemned it; and the penalty of her contempt she is suffering to-day amidst the horrors of civil war. Not more obviously was the entire destruction of the Jewish nation the consequence of her disregard of the warnings of her Prophets, than is the already far-advanced destruction of our nation the consequence of refusing to listen to our Prophets.

I said that the war is Slavery-begotten. I do not forget that there are persons who look (wholly in vain, I think) for other causes of it. But even they must admit that, if the extension and perpetuation of Slavery were not its sole object, nevertheless, nothing short of the maddening power of the Pro-Slavery spirit could have sufficed to impel the South to begin a war, which to all sane minds was so full of peril, if not indeed of certain destruction, to her most cherished interests. This much is certain—that, whatever her objects, the South would never have made the war, had not Slavery first made her mad.

The war should, by this time, have been near or quite to its end. Pardon me for saying that it is owing to the errors of yourself and your advisers that it is not. I say so, not because I doubt your or their patriotism—for I do not. I say so, not because you or they are not intent on bringing the war to the speediest close—for I believe both are. I say so, not because I believe you or they would encourage the rebels to protract it by offering them bribes to end it—for I believe that neither you nor they would be guilty of such folly. I am not of those who find pleasure in defaming the Cabinet. If there was ever a Cabinet which should be judged, not only justly but generously, it is the one to whose hands was committed a country already betrayed—a country, moreover, large portions of whose people were already in open war against her, and large portions of the remainder in craven and corrupt sympathy with them. It is true, that I wish there were a couple of Democrats in the Cabinet—such, for instance, as Dickinson and Holt. But I say so, not because of any fault in any of its members, but solely because I would have it enjoy a more undivided public confidence than it possibly can whilst its members are all of the same political complexion.

What are these errors to which I refer? They are but two. If there are others, they are included in them, because growing out of them. One of these errors is—*Overrating the importance of constitutional action in time of war.* The other—*Overrating the importance of conciliating loyal slaveholders.*

The importance of adhering to the Constitution in time of peace can hardly be overrated—in time of war, hardly be underrated. The popular reverence for the instrument will insure far more than all necessary adherence to it in time of war. Indeed, at such a time, this reverence is amongst our greatest perils. The Constitution was made far more for peace than for war; or, in other words, it was made to serve the nation rather than its enemies. I add, that it is far better for us to have no constitutional scruples at all, than to have them at such a time and to such an extent as shall enable our enemies to take advantage of them. Suspicious strangers enter a dwelling. The excited sons do not govern their speech. Their aged father is right in reminding them that the family rules require civility to strangers. But he is a fool if, after the strangers have drawn weapons, he keeps on talking of "the family rules." So is it folly to trammel the freedom of the national family in time of war with the punctilious observance of rules which were made to be used by it chiefly in time of peace.

I complain not that, whilst the Rebellion has as yet not grown upon your view into the dimensions and character of war, you thought it your office to hold up the Constitution before its violators. I complain not of your doing so at that stage of our troubles, which seemed to you but little, if any, more than a riot or temporary obstruction of the laws. But I do complain that, after the flames of war had burst out, you still continued to busy yourself in a way which, when that appalling time had come, was so infinitely below the demands that your imperilled and distressed country had upon you. Nay, I must insist, that it had then become too late to care greatly for the Constitution—too late, I had almost said, even to make mention of it. My speeches, writings, life, prove my regard for it. But, since the bombarding of Sumter, intense concern for the country has shut out from my heart all concern for the Constitution. It will be time enough for me to renew my interest in the Constitution when it shall be settled that I have a country left for it to govern. When my dwelling is on fire, I have something else to think of than its eating and sleeping arrangements. Will you bear with me in saying that your stress on observing the Constitution, whilst in a war with traitors who defy it, spit upon it, and trample it under foot, is not only very untimely, but very farcical?

I complain that you have made a false and petty issue when you should have accepted and proclaimed the true and grand one. When you saw the nation falling to pieces under the blows of traitors, you should, instead of contracting your soul and the public soul to the narrow purpose of saving a paper, have expanded both into the sublime purpose of saving the nation, at whatever cost to the paper. All the way have you been hampered by this mistaken policy. Your summons to the people to save their nation—to save it, whatever else might be lost in saving it—was the one thing needed to electrify them. Alas! that this object, so spirit-stirring and soul-absorbing, had it been left uncombined with any other, should have been degraded to an identity with the scrupulous observance of a paper! You thus hampered and the people thus hampered, how could it be expected that all would be done which could be done to save the nation? Your demand upon your countrymen should have been to save their country—to save it absolutely; and to that their bounding blood would have responded gloriously. You should never have come down to crave them to save it conditionally—to save it, if they could, *constitutionally.*

An immense advantage has this mistaken policy given our enemies. Since you led the way in this untimely inculcation of regard for every line and letter of the Constitution, it is not strange that our enemies followed. And as they followed dishonestly and artfully, where you led honestly and artlessly, it is not strange that they do so with deeply injurious effects to our cause. Under cover of the paramount importance which you were according to that paper, Senator Breckinridge and his sort could labor to divert Congress from the perishing nation to the war-suspended Constitution. Our enemies know that idolatry of the Constitution is not only your weakness and that of Congress, but that of the nation also. Very cunningly, therefore, do they seize upon this weakness, and make it the line of their most effective tactics against us. They well know that, so long as they can keep us caring more for the Constitution than for the country, or, in other words, keep us confounding the Constitution with the country, and making conformity to its requirements the supreme purpose in the camp and on the battle-field, as well as elsewhere, so long they will have but little to fear from us. They feel sure that, however skillful the generals, and vast the armies, and boundless the resources on which the North relies, nevertheless, the free, dashing, reckless enthusiasm of the South will easily prevail against all these, so long as all these are under the constraining and taming power of this constitutional straight-jacket. That the traitors are all aware of this national weakness of blind reverence for the Constitution, and know how to turn it to their account, is manifest, not only from the criticisms which the matchlessly impudent hypocrites of the South make upon the constitutionality of your measures, but from the similar criticisms in the secession prints of the North, and in the writings and speeches of such misguided men as are endeavoring (I trust in vain) to rally the Democratic party against the government and the country. Your unseasonable and excessive emphasis on the Constitution has gone far to help these traitors and hypocrites get the ear of the people. Whereas, had you called the people to the country, and nothing but the country, you would have so awakened their patriotism, and so fired them with high purposes, as to shut their ear to this cant about the Constitution.

Even in time of peace, we sometimes see an excessive devotion to the Constitution. Such devotion was Daniel Webster's, when all he would have recorded on his tomb was, that he had rendered some service to the Constitution. By such devotion was Daniel S. Dickinson's democracy trammeled. Heaven be praised that it is now free! and that, in this sad and gloomy day of his country, he proves himself capable of sinking the politician and partisan in the patriot. He still loves that Constitution; and is intent on going for it as far as he can. But infinitely more intent is he to go for the country, be it at whatever expense to the Constitution. So would it be with Daniel Webster, were he now alive—for he, too, was a patriot. He, too, like Mr. Dickinson, would be found forgetting the Constitution in his deeper concern for the country.

I know that you magnify the Constitution, not to turn men from saving the nation, but to quicken their zeal to save it. Nevertheless, to magnify it at this time is to favor their cry of the Constitution, whose object in the cry is to counteract the claims of the country, and to accomplish its ruin by busying its friends with something else than its salvation. Happy would it be for the country if, until the last rebel against it had laid down his arms, your pen should no more write, and your lips no more speak the word *Constitution.*

I close, under this head, with the remark, that even if the Constitution were so plain as to compel the reading of it in but one way, nevertheless, inasmuch as the nation can be saved only by making its salvation the absorbing idea of the nation, the less the public attention is called to the Constitution the better. But the Constitution, like most other books, is capable of being read several ways, not only by ingenuity but by honesty. How very unwise, then, at such a time as this, to multiply divisions among the people by directing them from the country to the Constitution! In a word, as the enemies of the nation care for nothing but to destroy it, so let its friends care for nothing but to save it.

Now to the other error,—*Overrating the importance of conciliating loyal slaveholders.* Had all the slave States seceded and all the slaveholders sanctioned the secession, the war would have been over, ere this time. Immediately on its breaking out, you would have given to the Rebellion its death-blow by your Proclamation inviting to our standard *all* the people of those States. Not only would it have been in your heart to do so, but it would have been in every true Northern heart to have you do so. Not to have done so, would have shown you to be utterly unworthy of your place. But the secession was only partial; and as all the slaveholders were not drawn into it, sympathy with such of them as were loyal, desire to please them and preserve their loyalty, operated effectually to hold you back from giving such an invitation to the people of any of the slave States. I do not forget that many will argue that a proclamation so bold would have disaffected the North. Their philosophy is unsound. It would have lifted up and rejoiced the North. It would have left scarce patronage enough for one secession newspaper. Boldness for the right is mighty to convert men to the right.

That all the slave States did not secede is what makes the war so expensive, so perilous, and perhaps, in the end, so ruinous to us. But for this, none would have felt the need of summoning half a million, nor even a quarter of a million of white men to arms. But for this, none would have felt the need of draining the people of four hundred, nor half of four hundred millions of money. But for this, the flagrantly unconstitutional assumption by military men, of the right to decide who are slaves, would never have been. But for this, such men would have had no occasion to insult humanity and defy God by thrusting some persons into Slavery, and by threatening to prevent others from getting out of it. But for this, black regiments from the Northern States would have been accepted, and the crime of denying men the right to participate in the defence of their country have been avoided. [By the way, have you ever dwelt upon the enormity of this crime? Is it not more criminal to restrain a man from defending his country than to restrain him from defending his wife and children? For, not only is country more than family, but the fate of family is involved in the fate of country—and, hence, he is denied the defending of his family also, who is denied the defending of his country.] But that only a part of the slave States seceded, and that your call for the help of bond as well as free, black as well as white, was thereby kept back, the white men of each slave State would have had quite enough to do within their own State; and none could have gone from the Southern slave States to help their fellow-secessionists in the Northern slave States. Among the black men who would have sprung forward in response to your call, hundreds would have exhibited as high heroism as William Tillman—the black sailor who, as yet, stands at the head of all the heroes of the present war. In response to that call, many a black man would have shown himself as eager to be early in this war, as was Crispus Attucks to be early in the Revolutionary War. For it was in one of the very first skirmishes in the dawn of the Revolution, that this noble black man led a party in Boston, and sealed his patriotism with his blood. In response to your call, many a black regiment would have come forth, and distinguished itself for valor and power as highly as did the famous Rhode Island black regiment of the Revolution. Tristam Burgess says of this regiment: "No braver men met the enemy in battle." How sublime an instance of devotion to a leader was the defending by his guard of the mortally wounded colonel of this regiment! Not one of them would consent to leave him. Every one was slain. God alone knows how far our success in the Revolution was owing to the black patriots; and He alone can fathom the deep ingratitude of persecuting and oppressing their descendants. In response to your call, there would have been black troops, whom their commanders would have eulogized as highly as General Jackson did the black troops who rendered him so essential service in saving New Orleans. That great General, who was not so dainty as to decline the help of black muscles, said to his black troops: "I expected much from you: you have done more than I expected."

We have seen that, had all the slaveholders rebelled, you would have been in no doubt of your duty, and you would have saved the country quickly and cheaply—with no wrong to God nor man—with no defiance to the One nor insult to the other. But the case, which would then have been so plain, became, in your esteem, greatly complicated by the continued fidelity and allegiance of a very small part of the slaveholders. Here was your error. The salvation of your country demanded your call for the help of bond and free, black and white, no less than if all the slaveholders had turned traitors. As a war measure—as a military necessity—it is justified as clearly in the one case as in the other. For there was not one in ten of the slaveholders who was even professedly loyal; and why should you accommodate your policy to the gratification of so small a share of the slaveholders?—to the gratification of so exceedingly small a fraction of the American people? Again, among those who are determined slaveholders, and who insist, as all such do, on the maintenance of slavery, at whatever hazard to other interests, there is not one who is loyal. The truly loyal man goes for his country, at whatever hazard to slavery or aught else. The government offered a command to that wise and brave, as well as rich man, James S. Wadsworth. Did he, ere accepting it, stipulate for the safety from the hands of government of his hundreds of oxen and thousands of sheep? Had he done so, he would have shown his want of loyalty, and would not have been commissioned. But the General is a patriot; and therefore does he hold his sheep and oxen, and all his great estate, subject to the needs of his country. So, too, does the slaveholder, who is a patriot and who is deserving of his country's favor, recognize the like paramount claim to his possessions, his slaves not excepted. No slaveholder has a particle of loyalty who, when traitors are striking at the life of his country, and his slaves are needed to save it, is not willing, nay, is not glad, to surrender them to a service infinitely more sacred, important and commanding, than his own. This is the one test of the loyalty of slaveholders; and hence you may be sure that all those slaveholders, whose loyalty is to be secured by securing slavery, are traitors. As Gen. Wadsworth would rejoice to see the government take his flocks and herds, and even his "sacred home," when the necessities of his beloved country call for them, so will the truly loyal slaveholder, however highly he may prize Slavery, rejoice to see it blotted out, if the salvation of his country shall require the sacrifice. Is it said that the government will pay General Wadsworth? I answer, that the slaveholder, as well as General Wadsworth, should trust the justice and generosity of the government.

But this whole matter is in the compass of a nutshell. Are the slaves property? Then, like all other property, they are to be regarded as bought and sold, and held subject to the superior claims of the government, and to such uses as the government may choose to put them to. Are they not property, but men? Then, when government calls for them, neither must they refuse to come, nor must others hold them nor hide them.

Why is it that our government may not have the help of black men as well as white, when it is in need of both? Or why is it that, in the exercise of its war power, it may take this man's grain and that man's horses, these men's railroads and those men's vessels, and all simply because it needs them, and whether they belong to friends or foes, and whether, too, it does or does not pay for them—and yet may not take the property of slaveholders? Is their property so sacred and so privileged as to be exempt from the liabilities common to the property of all others? We are educated into a deep delusion at this point.

I add that nothing so much as this insane respect for slave property has contributed to overshadow the claims of the country with the claims of the Constitution. Constitutional as well as other pleas for the absolute and unending preservation of slavery in the Border States were put in, and the Government was unwise enough to listen to them, and to make the question one of Constitution rather than of country—of the construction of a paper rather than of the rights of a nation struggling for life.

We find then that there has not been the least occasion, in point of fact, for all the fastidiousness and all the fear of giving offence which have marked the course of the Administration on the slave question. To no degree whatever should it have been embarrassed by this question. It should have acted just as freely as if there had been no loyal slaveholders in its way—for there really was none, and there really can be none, since a truly loyal man cannot put himself in the way of his country. Those slaveholders, who annoy the Government, draw it from the line of its duties, and damage its reputation at home and abroad by their impudent and absurd claims upon it for persons they allege to be fugitive slaves, and by the expression of their fears that the slaves will rise against their masters, do of course find it expedient to put on the guise of loyalty. However, were it not for the presence of Federal troops, and the fear of eventual Federal success, they would not trouble themselves to profess loyalty.

It is all for nothing then, that the Administration has forborne to bring the nearly five millions of blacks, counting bond and free, to the side of our distressed and deeply endangered country: all for nothing that it has insulted them, and let its armies insult, threaten and outrage such of them as were trying to get their own freedom, and were eager to help the country secure hers: all for nothing that it is driving these five millions to hate the North, and make the best terms they can with the South: all for nothing that it suffers tens of thousands of black men to work upon Southern fortifications, instead of their building ours, and thus saving the strength of our troops for the battle-field, as the enemy does hers: all for nothing that it suffers the traitors to compel black men to produce the immense quantities of grain, tobacco, cotton and sugar which the traitors are putting into the hands of their government for the sole purpose of enabling it to make the rebellion successful: all for nothing that it is draining the country of men and money, and drenching it in tears and blood, instead of letting black men become its chief and inexpensive saviors: all for nothing that it is protracting the war until the impatience and interests of other nations, combined with their contempt of a nation too foolish and fastidious to use whatever means for its salvation, shall impel them to throw their weight in the scale against us: all for nothing that it prefers years of civil war, when by a word from your lips it could suddenly block every war-wheel in the South, assure the land of a speedy peace, and of a united, prosperous and happy people.

It is true that I am an Abolitionist—and that as such, I may be fairly supposed to have some knowledge of some of the ways for meeting a pro-slavery war. Nevertheless, though in writing you I have used the knowledge of an Abolitionist, it is not as an Abolitionist that I have written you. To tell you the truth, I have, as a mere Abolitionist, felt no anxieties since the news of the bombardment of Sumter reached me. I believed it to be the bombardment of slavery as well as of Sumter; and that a little time would show it to be as effectual in the one case as it was in the other. Slavery will be as completely broken up by the convulsions of this war as was ever a city by the convulsions of an earthquake. As Southern cotton has now become quite too precarious a dependence for the manufacturers, they will supply themselves elsewhere, and thus leave but little motive for continuing slave labor in the South. Moreover, after the present repulsive exhibition of slavery, civilization will recoil further than ever from it. Religion always abhorred it. An advancing civilization will not spare it.

I said it is not as an Abolitionist that I have addressed you. Had I done so, I should have dwelt upon your duty to know no law for slavery, and to declare that no piracy, much less that superlative piracy, is, ever was, ever will be, or ever can be embodied in LAW. Had I, as an Abolitionist, written to you, I should have asked you to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." I should have said that no Proclamation for Prayer can save the nation;—that whilst Prayer with Justice is the mightiest of all combinations, Prayer without Justice is but mockery and emptiness. But I knew that you were not prepared for such words; and, therefore, I took lower ground, and spoke to you as even a pro-slavery politician might speak to you—as I might speak to you were I an anti-Abolitionist. Perhaps the country may be saved, even on this lower ground. Perhaps it may be saved, if you will but consent to use the War Power as faithfully as you can, without using it in the spirit of an Abolitionist. I have not asked you to abolish slavery. I have gone no farther than to ask you not to lose the country for the sake of saving slavery.

In one of my unpublished letters from that far-seeing statesman, John Quincy Adams, he says of a pro-slavery war which he predicts will, in a certain event, take place between the North and the South: "It would be more terrible than the thirty years' war which followed the Wittemberg Theses of Martin Luther, and I shrink from it with horror." This letter was written as far back as the year 1839. I had myself, with even my little foresight, been predicting for more than twenty years a war in this country on slavery, and that it would be the bloodiest chapter in all the Book of Time. But I confess that, when I saw the shape which the present war was taking, and that there was not one redeeming nor in the least degree mitigating feature in the entirely unprovoked outrage of the South upon the North, I did suppose that there could be no considerable division at the North, and that the Administration would soon be willing to bring the war to a speedy end by calling to its help the black race. I believed that the close of the war would come before the close of the year. But Mr. Adams was as wise as I was ignorant. He probably judged that an American War on Slavery would be a very protracted one, because he foresaw that a people so cowed and corrupted by slavery as we Northerners are, would not have the courage to face it; so far as to ask its victims to help us. Slavery has made the whole North servile. I doubt whether even a single Abolitionist has entirely recovered from the servility to slavery in which we were all educated. Alas! that there should be this slavery-sparing, slavery-honoring, and therefore war-prolonging policy of the Administration, to be added to the many proofs that Mr. Adams was a Prophet!

In the same letter, Mr. Adams says: "That the slaveholders of the South should flatter themselves that, by seceding from this Union, they could establish their peculiar institutions in perpetuity, is, in my judgment, one of those absurd self-delusions which would be surprising, if they did not compose the first chapter in the history of human nature. THE SLAVEHOLDERS DO SO FLATTER THEMSELVES, AND WILL ACT ACCORDINGLY." How wonderfully prophetic is this language! Never, until a few months before actual Secession began, could I believe it would ever begin. But I had never studied, as Mr. Adams had, the infatuating power of slavery upon its worshippers. His confidence that Secession will not avail to perpetuate slavery cannot exceed my own. Secession is its death. They, who have appointed themselves to *save* slavery, will find that God has appointed them to *destroy* it. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." "He made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made." "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

I had written thus far, when the news of General Fremont's Proclamation of immediate and unconditional freedom to the slaves of Missouri reached me. "ARE HEREBY DECLARED FREE," it says: I need write no farther. I lay down my pen to rejoice:—not to rejoice in this indication that the whole system of American slavery is soon to pass way—for that it is to do so was my conviction and my joy, as long ago as when I heard of the bombardment of Sumter. But I lay it down to rejoice in the now greatly brightened prospect of the speedy suppression of the rebellion. I assume that the General has acted at last upon a settled policy of the Administration—the policy of weakening and confounding the enemy whenever, wherever, however we can. All the same, though, will be my rejoicing, whether it shall turn out that the General acted simply upon his own responsibility, (as in every such case the commander has the clear right to do,) or whether he acted upon the advice of the Administration. For the Administration will be with *him*, if he was not with *it*. The North too, although lacking the courage to propose the measure, will, nevertheless, sanction it. Oftentimes, the veriest cowardice is glad to follow where true courage leads. The North will perceive that Fremont has done the right thing, and will demand that it be done elsewhere. The Slave Power will, of course, cry out against it—only faintly, however; for by this noble deed of a noble man, a breach has been made in it, which can never be healed: its ranks are fatally broken: its prestige clean gone forever. Remonstrate against this measure, it doubtless will. Nevertheless, the tones of its remonstrance, always excepting those of mere bluster, will be reduced from their former boldness and defiance to but whining and deprecation.

This step of General Fremont is the first unqualifiedly and purely right one, in regard to our colored population, which has taken place during the war. The like step will soon be taken in the other slave States. Then the second step regarding that population will be to accept the help of these freed slaves as guides, spies, builders, soldiers, sailors. It is not enough that we take them from the service of our foe. We must go farther, and take them into our own. And the third and last step will be to proclaim the right and obligation of the slaves of the loyal also, to afford us such help. Thanks to Fremont, and I trust to the Administration also, a common sense way (I do not say the very best way) of carrying on this war is at last fairly entered upon. Perseverance in it for only a few months, or if with rapid steps for only a few weeks, will bring us to victory. May "the wisdom that is from above" be vouchsafed to you and your Cabinet, and to all who are working with you and them for the salvation of our beloved country!

Respectfully yours,
GERRIT SMITH.

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**The Liberator.**

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 13, 1861.

## "BREAK EVERY YOKE."

In another column we give a very eloquent and freedom-breathing speech made by Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, last week, in the city of New York. Its tone is hopeful and strengthening; but, unless this war terminate the existence of slavery before reconciliation is effected, it cannot truthfully be said, "This is a war for humanity"—for, in that case, the last state of things will be incomparably worse than the first. We trust the Governor is right in his opinion, that, henceforth, "when any man comes to the standard, and desires to defend the flag, they will not find it important to light a candle, and see what his complexion is." Certainly he is right in the declaration, that "a perfect, assured peace shall come, if established upon the foundations of eternal right, *upon which alone can any victory be secured.*" The enthusiastic manner in which these and other noble sentiments, uttered by him, were received by the company is highly significant of the increasing public perception of the necessity, as well as rightfulness, duty and glory, on the part of the government, under the war power, of giving the death-blow to that terrible system, to which all our national troubles and divisions are directly traceable. Then, indeed, there will be "no East, no West, no North, no South," in any hostile sense—no conflict of antagonistical interests—no sectional jealousies and rivalries—but all hearts and all aspirations shall be as one, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific; for liberty (once more to quote the felicitous words of Gov. A.) "is bounded by no land, native of no clime, the inheritance of no particular people, no nation, clime, country, kindred or color under heaven."

In a speech made by Judge Thomas, at the Grand Union War Meeting held at Faneuil Hall on Monday evening last, (as reported in the *Journal*,) he said—

> "While I would secure to every loyal citizen of the United States every and the utmost legal right under the Constitution, I would use its utmost power against treason in the rebellious States, or at home. If necessary to secure the existence of the Government, I would emancipate the slave of every traitor between this Hall and the Gulf, and hold every inch of territory under martial law, that would not otherwise be held. Of the power of the National Government in a civil war to do both of these things, I entertain no doubt; and we are in a civil war, and the sooner we fully recognize the fact the better."

Excellent as far it goes, concerning the Southern traitors, but it leaves slavery still alive, to be guarded and protected by the U. S. Constitution, so far as relates to the "loyal" slaveholders; whereas, it must be exterminated, root and branch, making such discrimination between the two classes as may be deemed warranted by the circumstances. Slavery is at all times high treason against freedom and free institutions, and there can be no real "loyalty" about it.

"———And were't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with human blood.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead."

All the more culpable will the government be for delaying to strike the decisive blow, seeing that it will not be one of vengeance, or even retribution, but only and truly an act that will save the republic, preserve the liberties of all classes, and confer upon the South the greatest boon that can be given to any people. Hail, Liberty and Peace! Hail, the Jubilee!

## SHAM DEMOCRACY.

The following editorial paragraph in the Boston *Post* illustrates the democratic cant and shallowness constantly exhibited in the columns of that flippant, heartless, totally unprincipled journal:—

> "The authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Mrs. Stowe, is urging upon the Government, in the columns of *The Independent*, the emancipation of the slaves as the only way to terminate the war. It is to Mrs. Stowe and her class of fanatics that the nation is chiefly indebted for this war. Petticoat government is entirely too costly, at this rate, and a little too bloody."

If the *Post* had one particle of genuine democracy in its composition, it would heartily second the motion of Mrs. Stowe, not only as indicating the true method "to terminate the war," and thus save a fearful expenditure of blood and treasure, but as demanded by the sacred claims of human nature and the divinely bestowed rights of man. Democracy and slavery are utterly incongruous terms, and eternally antagonistical elements. He who professes to be a democrat, and yet sneers at those who desire to break the galling fetters of slavery, and to save fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, parents and children from the auction-block, is a brazen-faced hypocrite, to be spurned by every decent man. The state of society which tolerates his presence and recognizes him as a gentleman, is thoroughly demoralized. It is as if one claimed to be a devout Christian, and at the same time made those who endeavored to abolish heathenism the target of his raillery. The *Post*, conscious of the necessity imposed upon it by the present state of public sentiment in regard to the rebellion, is constrained to stand by the government; but it would much more readily sustain Jeff. Davis and his traitorous crew, could they gain the ascendency, as all its antecedents prove. See where it ridiculously and impudently places the responsibility for the war: "It is to *Mrs. Stowe* and her *class of fanatics* that the nation is chiefly indebted for this war"! Not to those Southern desperadoes, Davis, Stephens, Toombs, Mason, Hunter, Wise, Yancey, Keitt, and their associate conspirators, who avow their inflexible hostility to all free institutions, and their determination to extend and eternize their hellish slave system, come what may, but to those who desire to see the will of God done in "proclaiming liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof"! The guilty parties are not those who scourge their slaves to unrequited toil, traffic in human beings as in swine, and shed innocent blood without measure to maintain their unhallowed dominion, and lift the heel of rebellion against the government for its overthrow,—O no!—but those who would bring such crimes to an end, and such criminals to justice! This war is not the product of two centuries of unsurpassed despotism, exercised upon a race "peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot"—the retributive judgment of Heaven has nothing to do with it—but "it is to Mrs. Stowe and her class of fanatics that the nation is chiefly indebted for it"! Truly, "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous." The patrons of the *Post* must be smitten with idiocy to swallow such a statement. Its editor is not a fool, and therefore when he charges so philanthropic and gifted a woman as Mrs. Stowe, whose genius has electrified the civilized world, and won for herself imperishable fame, with being a fanatic for espousing the cause of the most oppressed of suffering mankind, he knows that he is a despicable slanderer; but he has his axe to grind, and must grind it. Let him quote, if he can, from any of the writings of "Mrs. Stowe and her class of fanatics," on the subject of slavery, a single sentence or word that is in opposition to genuine democracy. *He* a democrat! Then was Judas a saint, and Benedict Arnold a patriot! "Petticoat government," he says, with characteristic contempt for woman, "is entirely too costly, at this rate, and a little too bloody." Out upon such mingled folly and knavery! A "slaveholders' rebellion" is costing the government a million of dollars a day, imperilling its existence, and making hecatombs of the slain—at this hour rendering it doubtful whether even the Capital can be successfully defended. Is not that "entirely too costly, at this rate, and a little too bloody"? How will emancipation, as a measure of self-preservation under the war power, necessarily cost anything? Even the *Post* applauds the proclamation of Col. Fremont, setting free unconditionally all the slaves belonging to the rebels in Missouri; and why should not the same rule hold throughout the South? In that case, how many slaves would be left unredeemed? And why should not some amicable arrangement be made for their liberation, so that the entire slave system might be extirpated, and the bitter root of disunion and civil war forever extracted? Does the democratic *Post* really think that universal freedom would prove "a little too bloody"? Is that the way it reads history? Everywhere the cry must be, "FREEDOM FOR ALL!" If we would stop the effusion of blood, save thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars, restore trade and commerce upon a reliable basis, and make the union of all the States possible without jealousy or heat, there must be "FREEDOM FOR ALL." Anything short of this is infatuation, failure, defeat; is still to defy God, and provide for a new and more terrible visitation. The secession spirit is incapable of listening to any overtures of justice and humanity: infernalism is its all-pervading element. This is what the *Post* says of it, in the same number which contains the fling at "Mrs. Stowe and her class of fanatics":—

> "THE CRISIS IN KENTUCKY. Secession, the mad ambition for empire, which has made a bonfire of Hampton, which has made Eastern Virginia a place of desolation, which has *made a hell of more than half of Missouri*, has now presented its ultimatum, sword in hand, to the land of Henry Clay. As it stands about the Capital, *with its hand at the throat of the national life, and feeling for the vital carotid artery*, and as it advances from Tennessee upon Kentucky, and occupies Hickman, and would on to Frankfort, all that it asks of the people of this State is to be let alone! Its cool request of them is for peace, for quiet, for a condition of neutrality; and only asks their old government, their jointure in the Union of the Fathers, their part and lot in the glory of the National flag, their grand inheritance of country. That is all it asks!"

But Southern Secession and Slavery are convertible terms; yet the *Post* can find nothing but sneers and defamation for those who would abolish the one, in order that the other may be rendered impossible! It still believes in the expediency and advantage of having a truce effected between God and Mammon, Christ and Belial. It ventures the idiotic opinion, that, had it not been for "Mrs. Stowe and her class of fanatics," there would have been no trouble in the land! If they had not remembered those in bonds as bound with them, exposed the iniquity of robbing the poor and needy, called for the breaking of every yoke, and warned the nation of judgments to come, peace and harmony would now universally prevail! They ought not to have impeached the conduct, nor thwarted the wishes of the Southern slave-mongers; because it inevitably excited sectional hostility, and made reconciliation impracticable! It is not "the multitude who do evil," who deserve censure, but those who will not go with the multitude for any such purpose! If the ancient prophets had minded their own business, and not accused their countrymen of smiting with the fist of wickedness, making haste to shed innocent blood, selling the poor and needy, and being religious hypocrites, they would have acted the part of sensible men and true patriots, and saved themselves from an ignominious fate! If Jesus had let the chief priests, scribes and pharisees alone, and properly observed the Sabbath day, and said nothing about blind guides and whited sepulchres, and called none of the godly of his day serpents and vipers, and menaced nobody with the damnation of hell, he would have found no cross, and the Jewish nation no overthrow! If his apostles had not been thoroughly fanatical, they would not have gone about, "turning the world upside down," and exciting tumult wherever they showed themselves! And so of Wickliffe and Luther, Fox and Wesley, down to the "fanatical" Abolitionists! The way to have peace is to cherish corruption. National stability is to be found in trampling upon justice and right. Nevertheless, "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty: he judgeth among the gods. How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked. They know not, neither will they understand: they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

## SCRIPTURAL PERVERSION.

The New York *Observer*, that notorious organ of evangelical phariseeism, and pro-slavery to the core, at the close of a characteristic article, entitled "No Sabbath Yet,"—reflecting upon President Lincoln for reviewing the troops at Bladensburg on Sunday,—says,

> "We assure the government that obedience is better than sacrifice; that He whose favor we are to seek has given us the express conditions on which 'Thou shalt be called the REPAIRER OF THE BREACH, the RESTORER OF PATHS TO DWELL IN.' The conditions are these:—'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day,'" &c.

Now let the reader turn to the 58th chapter of Isaiah, and he will see that the *Observer* has detached the promise, in regard to the repairing of the breach and restoring of the paths to dwell in, from its connection with *the abolition of slavery*, as expressly given in that chapter, and applied it to *the observance of the Sabbath!* The *Observer*, and all other enemies of the anti-slavery movement, will do well to read and inwardly digest the chapter referred to from the 1st to the 12th verse, inclusive.

Aside from this perversion of certain passages, is it not exceedingly cool, on the part of the *Observer*, to give a homily upon Sabbath desecration to the President, based upon a passage in Isaiah which relates to the seventh day of the week—a day which the *Observer* habitually desecrates, and for which it has substituted another, even the first day, as the true Sabbath, without any command or warrant from God, or Christ, or his Apostles?

While on this subject, we may as well refer to an order recently given by Major General McClellan to the soldiers under his command. It will be recollected that he has sufficiently indicated the quality of his piety by promising to put down slave insurrections "with an iron hand." He now "requests that, in future, there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command"; and, "unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity," (query, whether all the other commandments may be set aside in a pressing emergency?) "it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath." As society is now organized, it is certainly true, as the order suggests, that "one day's rest is necessary for man and beast"; but it is an unauthorized assumption on the part of the iron-handed General to add—"More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty." Where does he find his authority for this? And what right has he to assume for those under his command, that the first day of the week is "*the* holy day," any more than to decide for them what shall be their theological belief? Suppose he were a Jew or a Seventh-Day Baptist, and ordered his troops to sabbatize on Saturday—what then?

## A NATIONAL FAST, AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT.

The President of the United States has appointed Thursday, September 26, to be observed as a day of national fasting, humiliation and prayer. His Proclamation may be found below. As there is not a word in it indicating why the nation is in such an evil condition, nor any recommendation to observe such a fast as will be acceptable to God, we have put the needed instruction and admonition in a parallel column, that the people may see what is required at their hands.

### NATIONAL FAST—A PROCLAMATION.

*By the President of the United States of America.*

*Whereas*, A Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of Public Humiliation, Prayer, and Fasting, to be observed by the People of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace;

*And whereas*, It is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and revere the Supreme Government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

*And whereas*, when our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and to pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned, under His guidance and blessing, by the labors and sufferings of our fathers, may be restored in all its original excellence;—Therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next as a day of Humiliation, Prayer and Fasting for all the people of the Nation; and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all Ministers and teachers of religion of all denominations, and to all heads of families—to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship in all humility, and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the Nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
*Secretary of State.*

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee: the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.—ISAIAH 58: 6, 8, 11, 12.

Speak unto the people of the land, and to the priests, saying, When ye fasted and mourned in the fifth and seventh month, even those seventy years, did ye at all fast unto me, even to me? Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother: and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor: and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart. But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear. Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant-stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his spirit by the former prophets: *therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of hosts.*—ZECHARIAH 7: 5, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Thus saith the Lord: Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor: behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine.—JEREMIAH 34: 17.

Thus saith the Lord: Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings.—JEREMIAH 21: 12.

Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is fallen; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory. The shew of their countenance doth witness against them, and they declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not. Woe unto their soul! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves . . . The Lord standeth up to plead, and to judge the people. The spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts.—ISAIAH 3: 8, 9, 13, 14, 15.

At the time I visit them, they shall be cast down, saith the Lord.—JEREMIAH 6: 15.

☞ We accidentally omitted to state that the article in our last number, on the fourth page, entitled "Christian Peace and the War," was kindly communicated by our faithful and esteemed friend, WILLIAM H. FISH, of Cortland, N. Y., as extracted from a discourse recently preached by him to his people.

## THE FANEUIL HALL MEETING.

On Monday evening of this week was held the gathering in Faneuil Hall which had been extensively advertised as the Great Union War Meeting. This double epithet no doubt was needed, in the advertisement, to distinguish its purpose from the purpose of those traitorous gatherings, now held in various parts of the country, which call themselves Peace Meetings, and which make a great show of loyalty to the Union, while they propose concession to the rebels who are now making war against it. No doubt there are many people in Boston who wish for a meeting of this latter sort; but not one of them gave expression to such a wish on this occasion. The sentiment of the meeting was heartily and energetically unanimous for a maintenance of Union throughout the whole country, under the present Government and the present Constitution, and for the upholding of it by war as long as even a remnant of armed rebellion continues to oppose it. It was, unmistakably, a Union War Meeting.

The gathering was immensely large. For a long time after the hall was densely filled, a steady stream of new comers pressed through the doors, often with violent crowdings, most uncomfortably compressing those who had first gained admittance, and provoking retaliatory crowding on their part. Thus, for ten minutes before the time for opening the meeting, there was a constant alternate surging to and fro, among the densely packed audience on the floor of the hall. The confused murmur of voices which accompanied this movement, instead of ceasing when the hour arrived and the meeting was called to order, increased, and for two hours, those who attempted to speak were heard only imperfectly and at intervals; except that Mr. Frothingham of the *Post*, and Mr. Dennis W. O'Brien, were heard quietly during the quarter of an hour occupied by their speeches.

This disorder, however, was manifestly not occasioned by any party hostile to the meeting, nor by any opposition of feelings or interests among the people composing it. The frequent applauses were unanimous, there was almost no hissing, and the nearly continuous clamor was bestowed impartially upon speakers of every class, party, religion and nation. There were speakers from each of the political parties, and they all counselled disregard of party while an enemy in arms rendered it necessary to combine in defence of the Union; an Union which they all loved with equal ardor, and would defend with equal earnestness. The audience showed their agreement in this sentiment by cheering with equal heartiness the expressions of patriotism uttered by each, and by pursuing their own noisy merriment with nearly equal disregard of the attempts of each speaker to gain their quiet attention, at least for the first two hours of the meeting; the addresses of the third hour were heard more quietly, partly because the shouters were tired, and partly because speakers were addressing two additional audiences outside the hall, thus appeasing the noisy outskirts of the meeting.

Two persons were absent, whose promised addresses had evidently been looked to as the chief attractions of the evening, namely, General Butler and Thos. Francis Meagher. A notice in the *Transcript* had already informed many people of General Butler's departure for Washington that morning, in obedience to a telegram from the Commander-in-chief; but the news of Mr. Meagher's absence seemed entirely unexpected, and occasioned the only marked expression of dissatisfaction that occurred during the evening. When, later, a telegram from him arrived, the news that he was occupied in labors indispensable to the welfare of the Irish Brigade in New York was received with tumultuous cheers.

Though the audience entirely disregarded the call to order made at 7 o'clock by Assistant District Attorney A. O. Brewster, his stentorian voice made itself partially heard in a few preliminary remarks, and in the reading of the commencement of the list nominated for officers of the meeting. But the noise was such that no vote was taken, and the nominated President, Hon. B. F. Thomas of West Roxbury, on coming forward, found it impossible to make himself heard beyond the platform, and, after a few repetitions of the attempt, took his seat.

Senator Wilson, Patrick Donahoe, Esq., editor of the *Pilot*, and Judge Otis P. Lord, then successively came to the platform, making ineffectual efforts to be heard. A lull occurred while Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Dennis O'Brien spoke. Then Judge Lord resumed, and succeeded in finishing his speech. Then Rev. C. W. Dennison, Chaplain with the Hatteras expedition, contrived to amuse the audience into comparative quietness by the display of a fragment of a secession flag, a rebel officer's sash, and other trophies of that victory. Hon. Chas. Hale, editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, was less successful in keeping down the tumult, though he amused the audience greatly by the grave acknowledgment (after an allusion to General Jackson)—"I am not another Jackson!" Mr. Williamson then read four resolutions, insisting on Union and strongly repudiating compromise, which were passed by acclamation; and the remaining speakers, Hon. Erastus Hopkins of Northampton, Judge Russell of Boston, and Hon. Henry Wilson, were heard with more quietness and attention.

The substance of all these speeches (which appeared in full, and as if delivered without interruption, in the next morning's papers,) was the imperative necessity of maintaining the Union, of vigorously pressing the war in its support, and of rejecting all idea of concession to those who are in arms against it. There appeared a genuine desire, among all the speakers, to postpone party considerations, and all other considerations, until victory shall have crowned the efforts of the United States Government.

No allusion whatever was made to slavery, (either as the chief cause of the rebellion or in any manner whatever,) by any of the speakers from the platform. The only reference to that subject which I heard in the whole evening was an exclamation from one of the audience. When Judge Lord asked—"Are you prepared to swear that there shall be, between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf, but one country"—some one cried out—"No slaves in it." This drew forth no marked expression of feeling from the audience, either one way or the other. Speakers and hearers seemed to unite in ignoring the *cause* of the rebellion they were met to oppose. How long must such blindness prevail?

Many thousands outside the hall were addressed by other speakers. Tuesday morning's papers contained an extended report of all these proceedings, and letters from General Butler and others who were absent.

Boston speaks with one voice for the war. The friends of secession will look in vain for demonstrations in their favor in this quarter.—C. K. W.

☞ The Boston *Herald*, which ostensibly goes for the Union, but which does all that it dares to make mischief and division by feeding party hate and assailing the administration of Gov. Andrew, says of the Faneuil Hall meeting, "it did no good, if it did not do harm," and further indicates its secession proclivity by making a wanton and gratuitous thrust, (seeing that the meeting was called, organized and conducted without any reference to party lines, for the sole purpose of sustaining the government in its efforts to put down the rebellion,) as follows:—"The whole North is united in sustaining the integrity of the government, BUT—the people are not a unit in sustaining Abolitionism, by any means"! What had Abolitionism to do with that meeting? Nothing. Who but a traitor at heart would think of raising such an issue in connection with such a meeting? Fitly and scathingly did Judge Thomas say, in the course of his speech—"He who goes about, crying for partisan issues now, must have one of those narrow souls you could put into a nut-shell, and which would then creep out at a maggot-hole." But the *Herald* is a low, dirty sheet, and we notice it only because it has a wide circulation, especially among a class whose prejudices and passions are easily wrought upon. Nevertheless, its editor assumes to be a gentleman and a patriot!

## THE WAR FOR THE UNION OF LIBERTY WITH SLAVERY.

*To the Editor of the Liberator:*

SIR—If the North be successful in this war, so as to achieve its object of compelling a reunion of the seceded Slave States with the Free States, the former must come back into the Union on a footing of perfect equality with the Free States, under the provisions of the Constitution. The slaveholders will, in that event, resume the control of the affairs of the Union, and will proceed, as usual, to propagate slavery in adjoining countries. Cuba will be annexed, Mexico subjugated, and slavery planted there, and all the available Territories of the United States will be cursed with that villanous system. And yet anti-slavery Englishmen are called upon by the people of the North to sympathize with this movement! If, happily, the seceded States shall be allowed to establish a separate Government, there will be no more slavery propagandism, for the simple reason that the Southern States will not have the necessary strength for the purpose. Slavery has been heretofore extended by Northern blood and Northern treasure. The Southern Confederacy will have enough to do to attend to its domestic affairs, and will have no power to subjugate Mexico or Cuba. Moreover, the Southern States will, under the influence of a tariff upon Northern manufactures, be enabled to establish many manufactories of their own, and, their industry being thus diversified, the influence of the planters will be broken, and the Southern people will return to the faith of their Fathers, that emancipation is their true policy. Military reasons, too, will be discovered for abating the hostility to the colored population: the laws affecting them will, consequently, be deprived of much of their severity, and the amelioration of their condition will be the sure precursor of their emancipation. But, so long as the North shall remain in political connection with the South, the *status* of the slave will remain just as it is now; for the overwhelming power of the North enables the slave-owners to bid defiance to the sentiments of the friends of liberty all over the world.

The fact is, that slavery has been sustained by the union of the free with the slave States. The men of the North have been the slave-keepers, slave-drivers, and slave-extensionists. The whole power of the general government has been devoted exclusively to the establishment and extension of slavery, and will be so again, if the Union with slavery be restored.

In that event, the liberties of all the nations of the earth will be subverted; whereas, if the free States be relieved from the incubus which has hitherto weighed them down, the power and influence of American Republicanism will be felt all over Europe, and despotism there will soon be extinguished.

Hitherto, the government of the United States has been potent in repressing the friends of liberty in Europe; the name of freedom has been hateful to the representatives of the slavocracy in the different Courts of Europe; and their influence has been freely exercised in favor of despotism everywhere.

It will be impossible for the United States ever to intervene in favor of the oppressed nationalities of Europe, if the Southern States be brought back again into the Union. How can slave-owners be expected to favor the cause of liberty in Europe, when, by so doing, they will be aiding a party ready and willing to undertake the emancipation of the slaves at the first convenient opportunity?

In a military point of view, the connection of the slave States with the free States makes the latter very weak. All the blood and treasure which the North could pour out would be insufficient to defend the South against a liberating army. Under these circumstances, the reunited free and slave States must sympathize with despotism in Europe, and be ready to join in any assaults upon the constitutional governments where the spirit of liberty is in any way recognized.

In a word, *the fate of liberty all over the world depends upon the separation of the free from the slave States.* It is simply impossible to prevent the slave oligarchy from ruling under the Constitution of the United States, as each State has two votes in the Senate, and that body is the fountain of federal honors and emoluments. In fact, the Senate is the government, and the slavocracy will always act as a unit, and control the dispensation of the offices, and thereby seduce and corrupt the Northern office-seekers.

The bitterest enemies of England are the American slave-owners, and they have always incited the American people against that great anti-slavery power. Instead of aiding England in any struggle that may come on between liberty and despotism, the United States will, doubtless, if the Union with slavery be restored, be found among England's enemies.

A separation of the free from the slave States would be greatly to the advantage of all the Parliamentary governments of Europe, because it would secure to them an active and invincible ally in America—an ally controlling the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and able and willing to sustain the cause of liberty wherever it might be assailed.

It is true that this separation may cost England her North American Colonies, and the principal part of her trade with the free States, seeing that the British Colonies, may annex themselves to the great Northern Republic and vast manufactories may be established here under productive tariffs; but all this is nothing, in comparison with England's gain by the conversion of the great power of the free States from the ranks of the enemies of liberty in Europe. Instead of desiring to see the reunion of freedom with slavery in these States, the lovers of freedom should rejoice at the separation, and seek to make it a peaceful one. That separation will save the poor whites of the South from destruction, secure the emancipation of the slaves, and relieve the neck of the free States from a millstone which was dragging them down to perdition.

The pro-slavery democracy of the North are anxious to resume the business of slavery-extension; hence they would restore the Union with the slave States, even by force. We are assured by the New York *Herald* that, when the war is over, all the Abolitionists will be hanged, to prevent their causing another civil war! We have seen the commander, even of a Massachusetts regiment, which was called to save Washington from an invasion by the forces of the Southern Confederacy, express his willingness to turn aside, in order to join in a slave hunt. We are told by the New York *Times*, and other Republican newspapers, that slavery is not to be interfered with, but that this is simply a war to bring the slave States back into the Union; and those same papers make a boast of the fact, that slavery cannot be kept up without the protection and influence of the North!

The London *Times*, then, is right in asserting that there is no great principle involved in this war. The pretence, that some of the free States might leave the Union if this war were not prosecuted, is a manifest piece of sophistry; for there can be no doubt that, in the Convention to form a new Constitution for the free States, the vote would be unanimous against the right of secession.

A new Constitution will be necessary, in the event of a formal and final separation of the free from the slave States; and the occasion should be improved so as to get rid of many features of the existing Constitution, which experience has demonstrated to be objectionable.

The war for the restoration of the union with the slave States is popular in the North, because the majority of the people are indifferent about slavery, and ignorant of its dangerous character and its incompatibility with republican institutions. With many, the war is popular, because they believe that it is a great and glorious thing to be a citizen of a vast empire. This is just as if an Englishman should desire a political connection of England with Russia, with the seat of government at St. Petersburg, merely because he could then gloat over the map, and boast of the great extent of his country. Such a union as that would not be half as bad as the union between the free and slave States, with the seat of government at Washington.

There is neither honor, nor profit, nor safety in the connexion, and there ought to have been a separation as soon as the Southern States resolved to abandon the faith of the founders of the Constitution, and to establish and extend slavery, instead of restricting and abolishing it.

If the Southern Confederacy be recognized, the North will at once become prosperous—new enterprises of vast magnitude will be entered upon—new markets will be opened with countries which will then cease to regard the United States as an enemy. There will be no war between the North and the South, for the simple reason that the North, when thoroughly prepared, will be so great an over-match for the South, that the latter will never indulge a bellicose disposition. As well might Holland or Switzerland declare war against France.

Besides, a foreign war—a war between the North and the South—would not be very injurious to the North in any event; it would not paralyze the industry of the nation as this domestic strife has done.

The inconvenience of having a line of custom-houses along the Southern borders is more imaginary than real: witness the same thing along the borders of New Brunswick and Canada. The loss of trade with the South will be more than made up by the establishment of new manufactures under a protective tariff, which the South has heretofore refused to allow.

In fact, the two sections have thwarted each other's policy, and the misalliance has been productive of a great balance of evil. The mission of Republicanism has been baffled—the improvement of the condition of the people has given place to schemes for territorial aggrandizement, with a view to the extension of slavery, and the establishment of the political power of the slave-owners.

It is supposed, by some ardent friends of liberty, that upon the subjugation of the slave States, their power will be so broken that, on their re-admission into the Union, they will not be able, as heretofore, to control the appointments to federal offices. This is, in my opinion, a fatal error. Besides, how can the slave States be subjugated, seeing that the North has no standing armies? The main reliance is upon the blockade of the Southern ports, and the stoppage of all trade with neutral nations: not merely trade in those articles which, as between foreign nations at war with each other, are deemed contraband of war, but all articles whatsoever.

But will neutral nations tolerate the blockade, by the United States, of its own ports, for the purpose of preventing the export of cotton and tobacco, and the importation of food, clothing, &c., for the use of the people at large?

The right of blockade, exercised by nations at war with each other, is not applicable to such a case, and there is no tendency in these modern times to stretch the exercise of that obnoxious right, in all its hideous deformity, to new cases. Rather should the right of neutral nations to supply, by land, to the belligerents, articles not contraband of war, be held applicable to this emergency.

The vast majority of the people of the Free States would not hesitate to sustain a reconstruction of the Union with the slave States, upon the condition of recognizing the right of establishing slavery in all the States and territories of the Union. Plenty of sophists could be found to contend that it would make no practicable difference.

In fact, so great is the corruption of the public mind, from the long connexion with the slave-owners and the submission to their sway, that the only true path of safety now is the final separation of the two sections. There is now a glorious opportunity to obtain this consummation, so devoutly to be wished. Should the people of the free States fail to avail themselves of it, they will have to repent their folly in tears of blood.

Now or never is the Republic to be saved—now or never is the cause of liberty, all over the world, to be secured. A RADICAL REPUBLICAN.

## STRANGE "PROTECTION OF PROPERTY."

NEWBURYPORT, Sept. 4, 1861.

FRIEND GARRISON,—It is well known to most of your readers, that the schooner Enchantress of this port, on a voyage from Boston to St. Jago, was captured in July by the privateer Jeff. Davis. Some three weeks after, she was recaptured by the U. S. gun-boat Albatross, Capt. Prentice, and taken into Philadelphia. A gentleman of this city, who owned the largest interest in her, went to Philadelphia to take his property which had been stolen from him by his "Southern brethren." The Captain of the gun-boat said to him, "Take her—I have only done my duty; I, myself or officers, do not claim anything for our services; we are happy to restore your property to you and your associates." But the gentleman finds the U. S. Marshal has the vessel in his hands, who says he cannot give her up without an order from the Judge of the U. S. District Court at Philadelphia. The claimant cannot approach the Judge, except through counsel. Able counsel is obtained, (Morton P. Henry, Esq.) when, after devoting some two weeks to the case, and having some three adjournments of the Court, his Honor Judge Cadwalader decrees that salvage is due Uncle Samuel's gun-boat, as follows:—Five hundred dollars on the vessel, and one thousand on the cargo—fifteen hundred dollars to be paid into the Treasury of the U. S. Government, for protecting the property of its citizens, who pay for the U. S. vessels, pay all the expenses of sailing them, and *then* have to pay for the protection of their property! Truly, this is being hung, and paying forty shillings!

Can you tell me how much salvage the Government claimed from the owners of Anthony Burns for recapturing him? It paid some thirty-five thousand dollars to catch him! Thomas Simms was also recaptured by Government, at a very great outlay, but I have never ascertained the amount of salvage claimed! Will you be kind enough to inform me? I have thought the Judge made a great mistake; for, now, the property of Union men who own human flesh and bones is returned to them *without any cost to those who say they own them;* but other property has to be assessed to pay for its "protection"! Such a proceeding in a country like ours is shameful; but I trust that the leaven of truth, now at work in the Government, will induce it to return this amount claimed and paid for protecting this vessel and cargo, with interest, and that slave-catching in the free States has seen its best days.

As events transpire from day to day, I feel encouraged, and am watching for the proclamation throughout the land of liberty to the captive. This nation will then be as a garden of the Lord: we shall be a free and happy people, whose God is the Lord; and a light to all that are in darkness.

> "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
> And bring the welcome day!"

Yours, truly, R. PLUMER.

THE WAR—ITS CAUSE AND CURE. Our friends in Vermont will be glad to know that A. T. Foss is to make a lecturing tour of six weeks in that State, commencing at West Randolph, September 22d. His marked ability, long-continued, self-sacrificing, and unwearied devotion to the cause of impartial freedom, entitle his word to thoughtful attention in a crisis like the present. Let his meetings everywhere be crowded, that the people may learn THE CAUSE of this accursed "Slaveholders' Rebellion," and how it may be brought to a speedy, final, and glorious termination.

GERRIT SMITH TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN. We have already published excellent, pungent, and most timely Letters from Gerrit Smith to Hon. Owen Lovejoy, Hon. John C. Breckinridge, and the New York State Democratic Committee, on the war and its connection with slavery, and we have now the pleasure of publishing another, from the same able and philanthropic writer, addressed to President Lincoln. We are sure it will be perused with deep interest and satisfaction by our readers. All these Letters give sure and gratifying proofs of Mr. Smith's complete restoration to sound mental vigor and bodily health.

## ELOQUENT SPEECH OF GOV. ANDREW.

The 20th Regiment of Massachusetts—*en route* for Washington—numbering 900 men, and uniformed like the regular army, were hospitably entertained in New York at the Park Barracks, last week. Gov. Andrew, of this State, happening to be in that city on that occasion, attended the breakfast by invitation of "the Sons of Massachusetts," at the conclusion of which,—after a spirited speech by David Dudley Field, Esq.,—Mr. Howe called for three cheers to His Excellency Governor Andrew, and the guests responded with a will. Governor Andrew then rose, amid continued cheering, and said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—This occasion, in no sense and by no right, is mine. No part of its honors pertain to me. Here present, in the city of New-York, called by engagements that pertain to my duty, I had the happiness of finding myself in a position to be enabled to unite with you in doing honor to the 20th Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. (Applause.) To my old friend, Col. Lee (three cheers for Col. Lee), who, with generous devotion and patriotic alacrity, without a moment's delay or hesitation, drew his sword, at my invitation, to lead a regiment of Massachusetts soldier citizens; and to his accomplished officers and brave men, be all these honors due. Upon the heads of such as they, Providence will pour its benignest benedictions, and upon their memories the most fragrant gratitude of our posterity shall rest. (Loud applause.) Whatever fortunes may befall them in the field, whether they shall return with their shields or borne upon them, forever and forever be those brave men remembered as among the earliest, among the best, among the truest, firmest, and most patriotic, who have drawn or will hereafter draw the sword for American liberty and constitutional law. (Applause.)

And now, sirs, I cannot at this moment forget that our sister New England State of Connecticut is at this very hour resigning to the dust all that was mortal of one New England man whose name and memory shall be as immortal as the stars—Lyon, (applause,) the great, the heroic, the accomplished soldier, the true-hearted and unflinching patriot, who at the head of his column fell, beyond the distant waters of the Mississippi; New England, Connecticut, reclaimed his ashes and mingles them with her dust. But his spirit, hovering over this busy, this distracted but yet hopeful scene of care, and toil, and aspiration, is with us now and always. To him, and to such as he, all that grateful hearts can pay, of solemn and yet joyful memories, belongs. He sleeps well in his soldier's grave. Others, too, have accompanied him to the silent land, marching through the Jordan of death beneath the American flag for American rights. (Applause.) And they know how happy, how sweet it is to die for such a cause. (Cheers.) To such as he and his, what can we say, what better than in the words of the great poet of British liberty:—

> Flung to the heedless winds, or on the waters cast,
> Their ashes shall be watched, and gathered at the last;
> And from their scattered dust, around us and abroad,
> Shall spring a precious seed of witnesses for God.

For, sirs, this is not a war for ourselves alone, for country alone; it is a war for humanity, and for God. To us was intrusted this ark of political salvation—Democratic Republican Liberty, conserved under constitutional forms. By our fathers to us was it transmitted. Into our present charge has it been placed, to be saved and transmitted to our posterity. Democratic Republican Liberty is the political gospel of our time. (Cheers.) To us, of the United States of America, the people of this Constitutional Federal Union, was committed this precious charge. Not for us alone, but *for all humanity*, that beneath the shadow of our tree of liberty the children's children may come, not only of the remotest generations of our own posterity, but of *the wayworn wanderers of all lands and climes.* (Cheers.) And as the infinite Father of all men and all spirits carries in the bosom of his embracing love nations and peoples, looking down through the vista of eternal years, and prophesying and preparing good for us all, so did He commit to us, as the priests of this political gospel, its preservation and transmission, not only for ourselves, but for *all nations and peoples of the earth.*

This, then, is *a war for humanity.* Challenged by rebellion, insulted by traitors, stabbed by the political assassins of liberty, the men of Massachusetts—whom you have so generously commended—marching shoulder to shoulder with the men of New York and of all other loyal States, have waked up to the trumpet-call of their country's woe, and their country's hope, to re-establish upon immutable foundations the rights thus challenged, and to confirm the national life, thus assailed by men whom History will only remember to call them accursed. This war, sirs, is in no just sense a sectional one. It is a war of ideas, I grant you; but ideas are universal, and not sectional. (Applause.) It is even American only in the sense that our liberty is American, embracing within the ample folds of its care, of its promises and its hope, all those who, residing with us, and denizened among us, are faithful to our cause. (Cheers.)

Nor could I fail to call to your recollection, that in the recent brilliant exploit of our naval and our military arms off the coast of North Carolina, a citizen of New York, the venerable and gallant Commodore Stringham (cheers), united his well-earned laurels with those that garlanded the younger brow of a Massachusetts General—Butler. (Three cheers for B. F. Butler.) When would it be possible for me to forget that among the heroes of that day, there was none more deserving of their country's honor, or of proud mention on the brightest page of her history, than the Colonel and men of the New York Twentieth Regiment of volunteers, under the command of an adopted citizen, from the German Fatherland, Colonel Max Weber? (Three cheers for Max Weber.) I cannot describe the emotion which all of you must have felt, and in sympathy with which all true hearts must have beat, as they read the record of the exploits of that gallant German regiment from New York, who, upon the edge of the darkness of night, amid the rolling surf upon that, to them, untried shore, launched their frail and tossing boats, and trusted themselves to the guidance of God, beneath the stars and the sky, cut off during all that long night of exposure and peril from all human sympathy and aid. (Enthusiastic applause.)

If Massachusetts deserves to be remembered to-day, so, too, do the countrymen of Col. Weber, two companies of whom compose a portion of the gallant command of Col. Lee, now marching as volunteers from Massachusetts. (Applause.) Neither sectional in any sense, nor national in any narrow sense of exclusiveness, but universal as American statesmanship, broad, comprehensive as the idea of liberty, which is *bounded by no land, native of no clime, the inheritance of no particular people, no nation, clime, country, kindred or color under Heaven,* (tremendous applause,) this cause is the cause of constitutional liberty and *the rights of universal humanity.* (Cheers.) I am no prophet, and no prophet's son. I dare not attempt to cast a horoscope of the future, but I believe in the guiding providence of Almighty God. I know, if aught resting in human belief or even human consciousness can be spoken of as knowledge, that He who guided Columbus over the seas; He who led our fathers to the New England shore; He who preserved them from the dangers of the seas, and the dangers of the wilderness, and the dangers of savage tribes; He who planted the seed of the great tree of liberty on the inhospitable shore of Plymouth, and has watered it, and blessed it, and has led us up till now through the storms of battle, through all the trials that beset a nation's childhood and youth, will never desert the faithful, the true, in the graver and severer, but not less needful, trials of manhood. (Cheers.) And whatever others may think, or dream, or fear, over this poor vision of mine, neither by day nor by night, since the first triumphant shout rang from one sea to the other, after the 17th of April, 1861, is there cast a shadow of a cloud.

The American People, inspired by confidence in their cause and doctrine, trusting in God, have taken up the arms which had so long lain unused by their sides, and almost unbidden have gone out to battle. From the hillsides, the valleys, the workshops, from the railroads, from the seaside, from the fishing smacks of our own dear old Commonweath they have come, from every calling, from every profession, from every sect, whether of religion or politics, whether of belief or unbelief, they all have come, under the movement of a new inspiration (applause)—and whatever misfortune, if misfortune should come, may befall our flag or our arms, either at Washington, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia, or New York, the men of New England will rally behind our Berkshire Hills, and make the Switzerland of Massachusetts the rampart of our liberties. (Enthusiastic and repeated cheers.) But neither in New York, nor Philadelphia, nor Washington, will our arms suffer defeat. (Applause.) We went down to Bull Run, as I had the honor to remark in conversation this morning to some gentlemen around me, an aggregation of town meetings. (Laughter.) Wheresoever we march again, we march—an army, (cheers—"that's so!") disciplined, drilled, thoroughly equipped and ably commanded, the men knowing who their commanders are. (Cheers.)

And we will not be content much longer with defending Washington under the walls of the Capitol, nor on the banks of the Potomac (cheers); but Washington shall be defended at Charleston, South Carolina (applause); at Savannah, Georgia; at the city of New Orleans, and all the way up the Mississippi. The Union men of the South shall be liberated by the arms of the men of the North and the West, and all men, capable of bearing arms, capable of allegiance, will yet be summoned, unless the blight and blast shall smite the head of every statesman and general in America—shall be summoned to the standard wherever that flag advances. (Loud applause.) It is not my opinion that our generals, when any man comes to the standard and desires to defend the flag, will find it important to light a candle, *and see what his complexion is,* or to consult the family Bible to ascertain whether his grandfather came from the banks of the Thames or *the banks of the Senegal.* (Enthusiastic applause.) And if they who have attempted to overthrow the National Constitution, which was *their ægis* as well as ours, to destroy their American liberty as well as ours, to overthrow the hopes of their posterity as well as ours, to destroy civil society, social life, in their own midst, shall find that *their peculiar patriarchal institution, staggering, shall fall beneath their own parricidal blows,* (cheers,) whether they count it a misfortune or not, it will be their own chickens coming home to their own roost,—their own fault.

If it shall follow, in the good providence of God, that *other men beside those of my own peculiar complexion and blood shall taste the sweets of liberty, then God be praised.* (Three cheers for Gov. Andrew.) I am glad that this is not heresy in the commercial metropolis. (Repeated cheers.) I suppose that, although we ought not, if peace had been preserved, either to invade, or counsel, or promote the invasion of any constitutional right reserved to any State; yet, when a State and people trample the Constitution itself beneath their feet, endeavoring to crush us and our children with it, we may at least have the power and the privilege of praying for the happiness of them all, *bond as well as free.* (Cheers.)

I look, Mr. Chairman, with the assurance of confident faith for an early restoration of entire peace. I have no idea, not the slightest, that the next 4th of July will find this people in arms. But if it must be that we shall continue to pour out our money and our blood, to spend our lives in waging by any form of contest this unhappy war, let it come, let it abide, let it stay with us, let the sword be the constant emblem glittering before our eyes, let the flag advance, and armed men tread beneath its folds, until in Heaven's own time a perfect, assured peace shall come, *established upon the foundations of eternal right*—upon which alone can any victory be secured. (Loud applause.)

And now, Mr. President, I have to thank, from the bottom of my heart, the sons of New England resident in New York for the kindness of this reception to our 20th regiment, and for the flattering manner in which my name has been mentioned in connection with it; as also for the generous hospitality and fraternal love which have been exhibited by you and all of you from the moment the Massachusetts 6th displayed the ensign of our Commonwealth in the streets of New York, when marching as the first regiment bound for the defence of the capital. (Applause.) From that time until now we have continued, by a stream of military organizations, almost to tire your hospitality and your patience. (Voices—"No, sir, never!") If you were not both generous as well as faithful and patriotic, we should almost begin to think it our duty to take some other path to Philadelphia. (Voice—"Through New York, not round it"); but so long, Mr. President and friends, as our soldiers of Massachusetts continue to receive such friendly, fraternal, cordial greetings, such kind sympathetic aid, as they have from the first received at your hands, *through* New York they will always come. (Cheers.) And now, Sir, you will permit me, thanking you also for the kindness with which you have listened to these discursive remarks, to resume my seat, giving as a sentiment:—

"The Sons of Massachusetts residing in New York, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and heart of our heart."

(Loud and repeated cheers.)

## DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE IN MISSOURI.

HUDSON, Mo., Sept. 6, 1861.

The following account of a terrible disaster on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad is furnished to the St. Louis *Republican*:—

The catastrophe occurred at Little Platte River bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph. The bridge was a substantial work of one hundred feet span, and about thirty-five feet above the river. The timbers of the bridge had been burned underneath the track until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, bringing from 85 to 100 passengers, including women and children, reached the river at 11 o'clock at night, and, the bridge looking secure, passed in; but no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge, than some forty or fifty yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger cars were torn and shoved in front, carrying men, women and children in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and burying them beneath the crushed timber, or throwing them out of the cars through the broken sides. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers; several were caught between planks, pressing together like a vice. Others were struck by parts of the roof as it came down with mighty force, and still others were cut with pieces of glass. In the midst of this confusion the two last cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which at this point is about a foot and a half in depth. Only three persons—J. W. Parker, Superintendent of the United States Express, Mr. Mars, Mail Agent, and Mr. Hager—were able to afford assistance to the suffering—the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless. After doing all that was possible for those requiring immediate attention, Mr. Hager at midnight left the wreck to go to St. Joseph for medical and other assistance. He walked five miles of the way, when he found a hand-car, upon which he proceeded the remainder of the journey. Two hundred yards west of the bridge, he discovered a heavy oak railroad tie strongly strapped across the track, and two miles further on, he found the trestle work over a small stream on fire, which, however, had not as yet been so badly burned that trains could not pass over or could not be easily extinguished.

Arriving at St. Joseph, the alarm was soon spread throughout the city, and, although it was one o'clock at night, 75 men, including all the physicians in the neighborhood, volunteered their services, and, at 3½ o'clock, a train fully equipped, supplied with medical stores and other necessaries, was at the scene of the disaster.

The wounded had emerged from the wreck, and were lying on the banks and upon a sand bar in the river. Seventeen dead bodies were recovered, and it is believed that this number embraced all who were killed up to that time. Two are so badly mangled that it was not expected they would survive till morning, while many others were dangerously wounded, and would have to be well taken care of to recover. Many who will escape with their lives, will be maimed and crippled.

Mr. Hager, our informant, did not remain to finish the embarkation of the wounded for St. Joseph, but was dispatched to Brookfield, which is east of the bridge, for another train to go to the wreck. When he left, the names of the wounded were being taken down, and also such of the dead as had papers or other articles about them by which they could be identified.

Fifteen miles east of the Platte River, Mr. Hager found another bridge over Smith's Branch almost entirely burned, having been fired after the train passed west, thus preventing assistance being sent from the east.

Lieut. Shaw of the 8th Kansas regiment, killed, and Mr. Lounsberry and Sidney Clark, wounded, are the only additional names we have at present.

☞ Some secession miscreants recently attempted a crime on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad similar to that perpetrated by their brethren in Missouri on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road. It being reported that a lot of Union arms and soldiers were coming down on an evening train, a party went up to a point between Hadensville and Allensville, where there is a small bridge, took up the rails, bored the sleepers full of holes, and then carefully replaced the rails, intending to precipitate the train through, and kill all on board. The scoundrels were fortunately seen by some good Unionists, who gave the alarm to the down train, which contained five passenger cars filled with women and children, and thus an awful disaster was prevented.

☞ The North Carolinians are proverbial for ignorance, but one of the company muster rolls captured at Fort Hatteras presents an extent of ignorance inconceivable in an enlightened country. The muster roll of the Tar River Rangers contains the names of sixty-four men, only five of whom were able to write their names; the rest all made their marks.

☞ A steamboat in course of construction at Pittsburg, Penn., for Hon. John Bell of Tenn., has been seized by the United States authorities under the Confiscation act. Mr. Bell has paid about five thousand dollars on the contract.

☞ At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, held on Thursday, resolutions were passed renewing its pledge to the Government of earnest sympathy and support.

☞ A letter to the Baltimore *American* from a citizen of Leesburg says that a whole Mississippi regiment stationed there revolted on Saturday, broke their muskets to pieces, and started for home.

☞ The Emperor of Russia has addressed our Government on the existing state of affairs here, manifesting the most friendly interest in the welfare of this Government, and hoping for a restoration of its unity. Secretary Seward has appropriately and gracefully responded.

☞ The New York Post's Washington dispatch says that three slaves, while attempting to escape from Munson's Hill, were shot.

☞ Relief Committees, composed of former residents of New York, New England and Michigan, have been organized in San Francisco to receive subscriptions in aid of families of volunteers for their different States.

☞ Cheny Bartlett, a colored woman, aged one hundred years, died in St. Louis last week.

NEGROES BURNED. Five negroes, at the instigation of two white men, murdered Mr. Gibson, an overseer in Munroe County, Alabama, on the 24th ult. They were tried before Judge Lynch, who rendered a verdict of burning at the stake, which was put into execution. What diabolism!

☞ Numerous arrests have been made in Franklin county, Missouri, under Gen. Fremont's proclamation, of citizens found with arms in their hands, arrayed against the United States Government, and twenty of them will be brought to St. Louis to-morrow, to be tried by the Military Commission now in session. Notice has also been given, in cases of suspected disloyalty, that their property will be confiscated.

☞ A stampede of families took place from Fernandina, Florida, on the 4th, from apprehension of a bombardment of the town by the Federal fleet, which now holds strict blockade of that point.

The Savannah *News* of the 5th states that the whole coast of Florida is blockaded.

☞ Gen. Lyon's sword and chapeau have been presented to the State of Connecticut. They will be deposited in the rooms of the Historical Society to await the action of the General Assembly.

☞ A. T. FOSS, an Agent of the American A. S. Society, will speak on "The War," at

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| West Randolph, Vt., | Sunday, Sept. 22. | |
| Randolph Centre, " | Tuesday, " 24. | |
| Braintree, " | Thursday, " 26. | |
| West Brookfield, " | Sunday, " 29. | |
| Northfield, " | Tuesday, Oct. 1. | |
| Barre, " | Wednesday P. M. and eve'g, Oct. 2. | |

☞ STEPHEN S. FOSTER, of Worcester, will lecture in Freedom Hall in Feltonville, next Sunday, at half-past 1, and 5 o'clock, P. M., on The present Rebellion, its Cause and Remedy.

☞ MIDDLESEX A. S. SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Middlesex County A. S. Society will be held in Lyceum Hall, at Reading, Sunday, Sept. 15. Andrew T. Foss, E. H. Heywood, and others will speak. The public are cordially invited.

There will be a re-election of officers for the ensuing year.

SAMUEL BARRETT, *President.*
ANDREW WELLINGTON, *Secretary.*

# Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

## TO THE EVIL OF ALL TIME.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

"*Rustica gens, optima flens, pessima ridens.*"—MEDIÆVAL PROVERB.

God is not dead yet, ye liars of the South!
I will hold no measured words with men who so blaspheme
As to swear that sacred freedom is condemned by His own mouth,
And the martyr side of history was all a bloody dream.
But the last sun has not set,
And man has not toiled for ages
To be fooled out of his wages
Because "the South" has said it. God is not dead yet!

Ye never-dying vampires, still in old Etrurian graves
Rest the vases with the ashes of the forms which once ye wore,
When ye strove to crush the people back into dirt as slaves,
And said: "We are patricians—be ye sold for evermore!"
But howe'er ye spread the net,
There were thoughts which would break through it,
And they live to make ye rue it
Through the brightening path of ages. God is not dead yet!

How ye howled in indignation when a Gospel for the low
Was preached to poor and simple men—untempled and unpriced!
But ye dug your darkest pitfall, and shaped your weariest woe,
When ye crucified the people in the form of Jesus Christ:
And you thought Truth's sun had set,
But it dawned upon a morrow
Which brought you endless sorrow,
And sounded your *væ victis*. God is not dead yet!

How through the Middle Ages your accursed banners flaunted,
And with biting pride ye vaunted the wild-beast crests you wore!
"The serf is vile when laughing; good when weeping, crushed and daunted,"
Was the precious *Christian* doctrine of your feudal Latin lore;
While with blood your racks were wet.
So ye ever used your power,
While fortune was in flower;
But now comes the avenging hour. God is not dead yet!

Then came the Reformation, like a dagger in your side,
With its Luthers and Von Hittens, striking error to its grave;
And their war-shouts, once in heaven, turned to holy hymns, which cried
For the sacred rights of labor, and freedom to the slave:
And we forced from you the debt;
But something is still owing,
There is compound interest growing,
And now we'll *make* you pay it! God is not dead yet!

Ye have bid, and are outbidden. Every roaring revolution
Was a heavy contribution from the endless wealth of time:
France and England sent their monarchs to the block of execution,
Italia gave her sufferings, and all a faith sublime;
While ye held the bayonet,
Defying and decrying
Every truth with your foul lying:
Woe to your wilful blindness! God is not dead yet!

Ye are fighting your last battle; in your rattlesnake alliance
Of love for negro labor, and hatred of the white;
Ye stand amid your marshes, bidding all the world defiance,
Cursing History and Scripture, and each holy human right.
In vain the curse and threat,
For your evil days are numbered,
And the sacred power which slumbered
Now wakes to final vengeance. God is not dead yet!

Our brothers' blood is flowing, but a storm of wrath is blowing,
And vengeance is hot glowing in the hearts of sires and wives;
And the seeds which ye are sowing will never cease from growing,
Till the scythe of Death stops mowing lives to pay for Northern lives;
When he pauses, 'tis to whet
The blade of vengeance brighter,
And his blade will not fall lighter
While the smallest debt is owing. God is not dead yet!

From the New York Independent.

## LET US HEAR NO MORE OF SENDING BACK THE SLAVE.

Stand up in the Capitol, and proclaim
To wondering nations the fearful game
Which the soldiers play for us, North and South,
At the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth—
Count up the stakes, and reckon the chances;
Say, as each bristling column advances,—
"So we contend against slavery,
Lying and cheating and knavery"—
And then send back the slave.

North, East and West have poured out their treasures,
Doubled their tithes, and heaped up their measures—
Called to strong men, "Now arm for the fight,
Crush the proud traitor, and strike for the Right!"
Into the ranks slip young men and bold men—
Into the ranks step wise men and old men—
And the mothers kiss and caress them,
And the maidens cheer them and bless them,
And you send back the slave.

"Forward!" they march at the President's call
Through Baltimore's streets to the Capital.
"Forward!" where foes are entrenched in their might,
(Now God be with them, and favor the Right!)
And they see the hard battle before them,
And they think of the mothers who bore them,
And the maidens' cheers and flatteries—
March up to the murderous batteries—
While you send back the slave.

Weary and thirsty, they strike for the Right—
New men, but true men, they gallantly fight;
Bravely resisting, they stand by their flags
Till their gay colors are torn into rags.
They are falling, the young men and bold men,
They are falling, the wise men and old men—
And the cannon-ball leaps and whistles,
And cuts down the shamrocks and thistles—
And you send back the slave.

Ay, weep for the soldiers who lie there dead,
And weep for the soldiers who turned and fled!
Send to the Northland, and gather a host,
Fill up the places of those you have lost.
Cry to the nations, "Come now and aid us
Crush out the wrong for which you upbraid us."
Then call upon God for assistance,
For strength in your holy resistance—
And then send back the slave.

My countrymen, can you not understand
'Tis a "holy war," which the Lord hath planned;
That Justice and Vengeance shall make you strong
When you throw in the scales the pond'rous WRONG?
They have hated you, scorned you, scouted you,
And now from the field they have routed you,
While you with clinging humility
Kiss their soft hands in servility—
And you send back the slave.

## OUR BROTHER!

Call him not "Brother," whose unhallowed hand
Hacks down the roof-tree of our common home!
Call him not "Brother," who, with sword and brand,
Lays waste the heritage of our fatherland!
Call him not "Brother," who, 'mid cannon boom,
Beats down old land-marks, shrouds in endless gloom
The hapless ones his greed hath barr'd and bann'd!
He is a Cain! Cain-like must be his doom.
The Prodigal, repentant, may return;
Repentant? Yes! Recusant—never! No!
The renegade from freedom all men spurn.
Who strikes for slavery makes the world his foe:
Who draws the sword shall by the sword be slain:
And whoso "raises *cane*" must reap the hurricane.

# The Liberator.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT THE Normal Institute for Physical Education.

The first Commencement exercises of Dr. Lewis's Normal Institute for Physical Education, which was incorporated last spring, took place at the Hall of the Institute, 20 Essex street, Boston, on Thursday evening, Sept. 5th. The exercises were novel, and exceedingly interesting. The members of the graduating class, comprising eight ladies and five gentlemen, presented the most gratifying evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they had been trained, and of unremitting attention, on their part, to the arduous duties which such a course of instruction involves.

The Institute Hall is one admirably adapted to its uses,—well lighted and ventilated, and sufficiently spacious, if not to accommodate all those who would desire to witness such an exhibition as that of which we write, at least, for all the ordinary purposes for which it is designed. On the present occasion, there were some one hundred and fifty invited guests present, who took the liveliest interest in the proceedings.

The chair was taken at 7 o'clock by the President, C. C. FELTON, LL. D., (President of Harvard College,) and the exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. DR. KIRK. DR. DIO LEWIS, Professor of Gymnastics, then addressed the assembly as follows:—

*Mr. President,—Members of the Graduating Class,—Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The circumstances call for a brief statement of the history and aims of this Institution.

Educated to the profession of medicine, and mingling for many years principally with those classes who suffer most from non-observance of the laws of health, I came, many years ago, to think somewhat seriously of that ounce of prevention which is worth tons of cure. Want of muscular exercise was one of the most obvious defects in our physical life. It was not less obvious that the very structure of town and city society rendered the correction of the evil impracticable, except in the Gymnasium.

I examined the German Gymnasium, the one so much in vogue throughout the United States, with great care. Entering one of these institutions, as a pupil, I studied the anatomical and physiological bearings of its many exercises. I found that they were not well adapted to children, women, fat men or old men, and about eight years ago, I began the attempt to devise something better. During this time, I have invented more than five hundred different exercises, of which a large experience has fully endorsed nearly three hundred. Some of these, of the more simple kinds, we shall have the pleasure to show you to-night.

A word of our purposes: In this hall and the story below, we have a gymnasium for children, ladies and gentlemen. In addition, the Institution has been incorporated as a Normal Institute for Physical Education. Twice each year, a class of ladies and gentlemen will gather here, as this class has done, from all parts of the country, to prepare themselves to act as guides in Physical Culture. In carrying forward this important work, I have asked the aid of gentlemen of the medical profession residing in this city. Dr. THOMAS H. HOSKINS has delivered a most instructive course of lectures upon Anatomy. Dr. JOSIAH CURTIS was elected to the chair of Physiology by the Trustees of the Institute, but being called to Washington, Dr. Hoskins delivered, most acceptably to the class, the lectures belonging to this department. Dr. WALTER CHANNING, known to all the world, has given us a series of conversational lectures upon Hygeine, which we esteem as invaluable. He has given us the results of his long and varied experience.

The class now about to graduate, composed of eight ladies and five gentlemen, is one of which we feel truly proud. The members of this class have been with us during the prescribed term, and such faithful pupils I never saw. Six, seven, eight, nine and ten hours a day they have been occupied in this Institution, and with a zeal I never saw equalled; and we who have had to do with teaching them, think them prepared to teach gymnastics, and to act as guides in all such matters as ventilation, dietetics, dress, bathing, etc.

The graduating class then went through a series of exercises with the "clubs," exhibiting a wonderful degree of dexterity, strength and skill. Exercises with "wands" and "dumb-bells" followed, which excited great interest in the audience, and were witnessed with much satisfaction and pleasure.

Mr. SYLVESTER SCOTT, one of the graduating class, then read an essay on "The Importance of Physiological Culture in a True Education," treating the subject in an able and comprehensive manner, and presenting, in a clear and succinct form, the advantages to be derived from the system of physical culture taught in the Institute.

The essay was followed by exercises with "rings," which afforded a fine opportunity for the display of ease and agility of motion, and gracefulness of posture. These exercises were most admirable—the very "poetry of motion."

The concluding exercises, of a physical character, were some very amusing as well as exciting feats with the "bean-bags," and with clubs placed at equal distances on the floor.

These exercises were agreeably interspersed with patriotic songs by Mr. WHITNEY.

At the conclusion of the physical exercises, President FELTON presented the diplomas, and, in doing so, spoke as follows:

FRIENDS—I have very cheerfully acceded to the request of Dr. Lewis, to act as Chairman on this occasion, and to be the organ of the presentation of the diplomas to which you are entitled on completing your course in this Institution.

It is hardly necessary to say much, on such an occasion. But I will remark that, for many years, this subject of physical education has occupied not only my thoughts, but my practical labor, to a certain extent. I see in this assembly a respected friend, a classmate of mine. I think he will remember that we, early in our college life, were members of the first gymnastic class, I think, that was ever formed in this country,—Dr. Follen being at the head of it; a very excellent teacher, and a very learned gentleman, from Germany. I remember, to this day, with pleasure, and with some degree of amusement, the extraordinary performances we went through. I think my classmate Quincy rather beat me; but about this I hardly remember. The class succeeded so well, that great crowds, together with large numbers of gentlemen and ladies, were accustomed to drive out of Boston, and station themselves around the college delta, which was covered with various machines,—some of them looking marvellously like the gallows,—with which we performed the gymnastic exercises of those times. You will hardly believe, I suppose, that *I* ever climbed the pole, (laughter,) or performed any of those airy flights which we were trained to take in those times, (laughter,) and yet I assure you that both Mr. Quincy and I have done those things; though some of us belong to those classes of society which Dr. Lewis enumerated in speaking of other systems of gymnastics as not being properly suited to their present condition. (Renewed merriment.) And I confess that I should be reluctant, myself, at the present day, to attempt some of those exploits, and I fear it would be a spectacle more amusing than profitable.

But, from that day to this, I have gained substantial benefits from a system of gymnastic exercises, carefully devised by scientific persons familiar with the human frame, as medical men, and as anatomists. That I consider quite necessary; for many exercises, if entered upon with the zeal of youth, and without the knowledge of superior age to direct them, are dangerous, and sometimes even fatal. We have all of us, probably, known instances of the fatal effects even of the common exercise of the dumb-bells, unless that is practised with great discretion.

This present system of Dr. Lewis has appeared to me to avoid most of the objections of some other systems, inasmuch as the machinery is slight and light, easily managed, evidently,—I think even I could manage most of it,—and may be continued, I should think, for long periods, without any danger to the health—and great benefit, in most cases, if not in all. I have not seen so much of it as some others; there are others present who are familiar with it in all its details; yet I have witnessed the effects of this system in some of the schools in which Dr. Lewis has introduced it, and it seems to me they are all good, without exception.

"Actions speak louder than words." The exhibition of this evening, I think, must recommend it more than anything that I can say; but, as the time allotted to the exercises of the evening has now nearly expired, I will not add anything further, but simply hand the diplomas,—expressing the gratification I feel in seeing this system introduced into our schools.

I am well assured, teachers, that you will carry into your schools the result of your experience here, and that it will be for the benefit of your pupils.

Let me add one thing more, however, and that is, that the health and vigor acquired by a thorough course of exercises such as you have had here, cannot be preserved if hereafter you entirely neglect them. One objection to former systems of gymnastics, which I have heard pressed by gentlemen who took part in those primitive times, is that their health broke down when they gave up the exercise. The reason was, that they gave up the exercises altogether, after having been in the habit of practising them six or eight or ten hours a day. I may speak on this subject with some degree of experience, inasmuch as for more than thirty years I have daily used dumb-bells, connected with the bath; and for some time I have used, every morning, in addition, clubs considerably heavier than any that I have seen here to-night,—but for a very short time; and I am convinced, by my own experience, and what I have seen in the experience of others, that after the constitution has been thoroughly developed, and the health and vigor thoroughly established by a course like that which you have now gone through, you may retain all the advantages of it—the great result, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," the motto which is on your diploma,—by giving a very small portion of each day to some one or the other of all the exercises to which you have been accustomed here.

I find, ladies and gentlemen, on the card, that remarks are expected "by several well-known gentlemen." It is the duty of the Chairman, on all such occasions, to exercise a perfectly arbitrary power in this matter. If Dr. Lewis thinks the audience would stand a few minutes speaking, and that the words upon the card express an understood invitation, I intend to call upon four or five gentlemen to say a few words each; and first, the Rev. Dr. Kirk.

REV. DR. KIRK said: Mr. President, I do not know that we need any more speaking, we have had so much acting to-night; but I willingly add my testimony. I have long been, as President Felton has expressed himself to be, convinced of the importance of physical education; and to me it is surprising that it is not incorporated now into every system of education in the land.

And after having looked on this evening, I am more convinced than ever before of the supreme importance of judicious training and supervision in gymnastic exercise. I know that I once overstrained my muscles by too violent exercise in the gymnasium, and suffered an actual sickness in consequence. I am now satisfied that Dr. Lewis has found the true scientific process for physical development. It was my privilege to welcome Dr. Lewis at his very first arrival here, and everything, since then, has only confirmed my confidence in his ability to superintend this system.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., being called upon by the President, spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT,—I suppose, after the gratification we have received from the physical exercise we have witnessed this evening, that we can do nothing less than perform our share of vocal exercise. I will add to your recollections of our gymnastic education. I remember precisely who were injured. One of our class, I recollect, who is now a Bishop of the Church, broke his arm. But I think there was no person who went through those exercises who would not, to this day, say that he has derived advantage from the first principles of physical training which we received from the mouth and the example of Dr. Follen,—how to walk, how to breathe. I learned to breathe through the nose from Dr. Follen, which I have practised ever since. (Laughter.) And I read in the paper, the other day, that this is considered a specific against infection; that people can go into the most malarious districts, and escape harmless, comparatively, if they can only breathe through the nostrils. Mr. Catlin published a book on the subject of *breathing through the nose*; he considered that all the calamities of the human race arose from breathing through the mouth; that if people would always breathe through their nostrils, they would live forever, without disease. That is extravagant, of course; but I have no question there is a great deal of philosophy in it.

I have myself used exercises, for about fifteen years, of my own invention. I used to be a great walker; but finding that took a great deal of time, I got tired of it, and substituted these exercises, and think they have answered the purpose far better—that fifteen minutes' well-chosen gymnastic exercise, in the morning, is equivalent to two hours' walk. I can also give a signal example of the benefit of this species of treatment upon the human frame. My father, who, I suppose, most of you know, is one of the oldest inhabitants of this Commonwealth, and by far the oldest graduate of the College over which my friend presides now so worthily as his successor, has for a space of forty or fifty years adopted the system of using these exercises in his dressing-room, mornings, in connection with his bath, about fifteen minutes a day, and continues it to this day; and he considers that he owes his extraordinary longevity, and the still more remarkable degree of health which has blessed his long life, to that fact, in connection with his temperance, the systematic control of his passions, and the regularity of his habits. The last time I saw him, I spoke to him on this subject, and he told me he had been taking this exercise, and was perfectly satisfied that he owed all these blessings of health and long life to that practice. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT FELTON. I consider this testimony of the gentleman very valuable, derived from his own experience and the example of his illustrious father, who is now, in his ninetieth year, possessing extraordinary vigor of body for a man of that age, and vigor of mind for a man of any age. At the last Commencement in Cambridge, Mr. Quincy made a speech that exhibited a vigor of mind, and a play of imagination and wit, quite equal—I won't say to his best days, because I think his best days are now—but to his strongest physical days. And there cannot be a more striking example to be found of physical exercise conducted at so late a period of life. Indeed, all the virtues adorn the character of that great man, and I wish that his example might be set forth, in all its details, to the young men of this city and this nation, now and hereafter.

My friend Mr. Hagar is present, and, by authority, I call upon him to say a word or two.

MR. D. B. HAGAR. Mr. Chairman, I submit to the authority. Yesterday, sir, I had the pleasure of taking a ride in the country with an esteemed friend of mine, who I suspect must be a distant relation of Mrs. Partington. As we passed an elegant estate, said he to me, "Bishop So-and-so has purchased this estate." "Ah!" said I, "for what purpose?" "O, he is going to establish a school here, or some sort of cemetery." (Laughter.)

The words have been running through my mind ever since. As I went home, and passed my schoolhouse, I said to myself, "A school, or some sort of cemetery!" And as I got up this morning, and went to my school-room, and saw the seventy or eighty boys around me, I said to myself, again, "A school, or some sort of cemetery!" To-night, as I left my house, in order to come to this place to witness the exercises which have so delighted us, I was met by a gentleman whose daughter entered my school as a pupil three or four days ago,—and during that time has learned and recited, I believe, only one lesson. Said this gentleman to me, with tears in his eyes, "Mr. Hagar, my daughter is a very nervous girl; she came home, to-day, and began to cry about her lessons." "Why," I replied, "she has not begun to recite, yet." Said he, "Yes, but she is afraid she won't recite well, and is crying about it." I said to myself, "Then I must look out, or my school will be 'some sort of cemetery' to that girl."

As I came up the stairway to-night, I took out my card, and read, "Normal Institute for Physical Education." "Ah!" said I, "a school, or some sort of cemetery here;" and then, as I looked along down, and saw the names of four M. D.'s, said I, "It is a cemetery, sure!" (Great merriment.) I entered the door, and I must confess that my feelings were quite relieved when I saw a very jolly-looking sexton standing at the door, and still more when I had conversed with him only five minutes. "Ah," said I, "there must be a cemetery there; here is a *sudorific* to begin with." (Laughter.) By-and-by, out came the clubs; and bearing in mind that this was a cemetery, and the sexton was playing his cards, I said to myself, "Clubs are trumps, surely." (Renewed laughter.) When the wands made their appearance, I began to feel better; everything was graceful and magic-like; I said, "After all, this is a very pleasant lot to be buried in." And then, as we passed on, too, the eloquence of the wooden-headed dumb-bells spoke to me a language which was exceedingly encouraging, not only to myself, who might perhaps take those hard old exercises which fat men can't,—not only encourging to me, but the rising generation.

Looking at this matter of gymnastics, Mr. Chairman, in a serious way, I may say that, for some years, the subject of physical education has commanded my attention. We have had in our educational associations a great many lectures on the importance of physical education. Every teacher, lady or gentleman, has always been ready to admit the importance of physical education. The great question has been, how will you accomplish that end? We admit that the body should be educated; we admit that we cannot have full mental vigor without bodily vigor; the question is, how shall we get this physical culture? Gymnastics were proposed,—the old-fashioned gymnastics,—and they have been introduced into some schools—but into very few, on account of the expense attending the apparatus. Teachers came to the conclusion, very generally, that it was impossible to introduce the kind of gymnastics that have been already referred to.

Dr. Lewis, a year ago, presented his gymnastics before the American Institute; and I think it is perfectly correct for me to say, that the way so long desired has been pointed out, the course has been marked out, and to-day many eminent teachers have taken that course, and are pursuing it with the most excellent results. I say, not only in my own name, but in behalf of many of my fellow-teachers, that we recognize the debt due to Dr. Lewis. I know, from personal observation, that in many schools in this city, and towns around this city, this system of Dr. Lewis has been introduced, and the results have been all that could be desired. It is necessary, of course, that any system which shall be adopted in our schools shall be such as can be made use of in our ordinary school-rooms, because the most of our school buildings are so contracted as to afford only the ordinary study and recitation rooms, not affording a hall in which exercises of a general character might be had, not more difficult than such as have been witnessed to-night.

I am happy to add my word of endorsement to what the Doctor has said; and if the time permitted, I should wish to make some remarks on the ways and means of promoting physical culture in our schools.

I am satisfied, furthermore, that the charges which have been brought against teachers, that they have been murdering the innocents, are, as a general fact, without foundation; that the cause of the illness of school-children lies far back of the teacher; it arises, in a great many cases, from the ill-health of parents; it arises, in many more cases, from the injudicious course of treatment received at home. If children are allowed to eat when and what they please, to go when and where they please, and to study as little or as much as they please, it is hardly fair to charge teachers with having been their murderers, if they go to their graves early.

I hope that our friend Dr. Lewis will feel encouraged by the results of his efforts in this city; and I know that he has been the means of doing us teachers and our pupils a vast deal of good, and if we do not profit still more by what he has shown to us, it is not his fault.

PRESIDENT FELTON. What Mr. Hagar has said about the cemeteries reminds me of an anecdote. Some years ago, the Turkish minister visited this city, and among others of our institutions, he went to see the cemetery at Mount Auburn. On his return, he was entertained with a magnificent dinner at the Revere or Tremont House; and one gentleman present asked him, through an interpreter, what he thought of Mount Auburn. "I thought it a very pleasant place for a short visit." (Laughter.) Now, the sort of cemeteries that Mr. Hagar referred to are very pleasant places for short visits, no doubt; but I hope, by the introduction of this system, or some system that will act as efficiently on our muscles, that remark can no longer be applied to them.

I wish to add, further, some very important observations as to the illness of children. It is frequently supposed that hard study is very unhealthy, and it is even supposed, by some, that young people kill themselves by hard study. I wish to say, emphatically, that all those stories are monstrous fabrications; that no child, girl, boy, man or woman, ever died of hard study, or ever injured themselves by hard study; and that all the complaints made against schools, of injuring the health of students by hard study, are utterly calumnious and false; and that among the most healthful exercises, the exercises that most promote vigor, strength—physical vigor, physical strength—is the exercise of the human brain—which is itself a physical organ—only it must not be exercised alone. But the pale and puny student, who flatters his self-conceit that he is suffering dyspepsia, and all the ills that come with it, because he is so *intellectual*, may not "lay that flattering unction to his soul" any longer;—it is because he is a *fool*, it is because he is a fanatic, it is because he has *not* exercised his brain, and neglected the other parts of his system also. (Applause and laughter.) With a sound system of physical exercise, and healthy modes of living, that same pale and self-fancying intellectual being would accomplish twice, four times the intellectual work that has brought him to death's door—and he prides himself on being in that very pleasant position.

It has been proved, by statistics, that among the longest livers, as a general rule, are the most intellectual. It is not—"Whom the gods love, die young"; "Whom the gods love," live longest, as shown by the case of the illustrious friend who has already been spoken of here. "Whom the gods love," live longest: it has been proved by the statistics of universities. Professor Pierce, of our University, examined the subject, and he found, somewhat to the surprise of a portion of the community,—I won't say what portion,—that, taking classes in the average, those that are the first to die are those who are the dullest and stupidest and most irregular during their college life; while, as a general rule,—of course there are exceptions, but exceptions prove the rule in this as all other things,—the good scholars, those who exercise their brains constantly, thoroughly, faithfully, and have performed all their duties conscientiously, are the longest lived. I think these are facts really worth being impressed upon the young.

Miss ABBY W. MAY, (daughter of SAMUEL MAY, Esq.,) a member of the Graduating Class, then read a valedictory address, a considerable portion of which was devoted to the subject of dress, as affecting the health of women, and, through them, the race universally. The address was admirably written, full of vigorous thought, clearly and tersely expressed. In conclusion, Miss May referred to the teachers connected with the Institute in the following terms:—

"Classmates, the time has come for us to bid farewell to our teachers, and to one another. It were idle to linger over the word. The golden hours of summer have borne forever into the past the nine weeks of earnest purpose that have held us together here. They have been weeks of unbroken harmony; of much labor, of a kind that was new to nearly all of us; but of a wholesome and increasing satisfaction that I think I may say we never knew before. To our teachers, we owe our hearty and respectful thanks. Where each one has been so able in his own department of science, and each so devoted to our service, it were invidious to single out any one for an especial thank-offering, were it not that he who is the founder of this Institution has, by the nature of his relation to it, been called upon to make the greatest sacrifices of time and strength for our welfare: all of which he has done with a zeal and patience which have been a daily surprise, even to those of us who, from previous acquaintance with him, had been led to expect very great devotion. Henceforth, we shall delight to think of him as one who holds our welfare very near his own; we shall turn to him for sympathy and encouragement in our failures, and shall love to bring our successes to him as belonging more to him than to ourselves.

We part to-night, never, in all probability, to meet again. Our country, soon we trust to be united and free, offers a wide field for our exertions. In our own unaided strength, we can do little; but let us go forth to our work with full assurance, that He, in whose service we are to labor, will make us strong unto the end, if we put our trust in Him."

A benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. KIRK, and the exercises terminated. It will not be doubted, by any who were present, at least, that this Institute will be of inestimable value in promoting the physical well-being of all who come within the sphere of its influence, whether in immediate connection with it, or through the intelligent and well-instructed teachers which it shall send forth into various parts of the country, to spread the knowledge of this new system, and on whose steps shall tread close, health, purity, and happiness.

## TO J. P. B.

You propose a compromise for the government and its rebels; and, as a basis, an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the revolted section; on condition that "travel, residence, domestic and social engagements, commercial transactions, and the exercise of speech, writing and printing," shall "*be free to the citizens of each republic.*"

Now, what is the *cause* of the rebellion? Simply the barbarism that, with a savage gusto for blood, hunts down those who, under the ægis of the Constitution, for the purpose of visit or sojourn, have the temerity to set foot on the slave-cursed soil, now lorded over by a rebel faction.

While this cause or barbarism exists, your compromise, with any such condition as you propose, is the merest vagary; and when that cause is removed, there is no longer any rebellion. The difficulty is, that as a remedy for the *effect*, you propose something with conditions utterly incompatible with the *cause* of that effect.

When you shall so change the character and moral influence of the principle of human chatteldom as to have undemonized the social condition of the South, you may hope for peace short of emancipation. We may suggest remedies to avert bloodshed, but God Almighty will not tamper with this monster abomination of the nineteenth century.

Sheds Corners, N. Y. A. HOGEBOOM.

## REV. DR. CHEEVER.

Dr. Cheever's return to the United States is greeted with gratulation by the friends of freedom here. Having performed a great work in Great Britain, he returns at a time when his important labors and councils are much needed in this country. At present, he is visiting friends in New England, but is expected to resume his pastoral labors in New York ere long.

Just before his departure from London, a public meeting was held to present him with an address and token of sympathy. The following is the address presented on the occasion to Dr. Cheever by Lord Shaftsbury:—

*To the Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York:*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—A number of English gentlemen desire to show their sympathy with the friends of freedom in America, by testifying to yourself their high sense of the services you have rendered to the cause of humanity. For more than a quarter of a century, you have with admirable consistency, both by speech and writing, maintained the inalienable right of every being to his personal liberty; and in the face of an opposition which few would have had the firmness to withstand, you have boldly proclaimed it to be a crime to reduce any man to the condition of a chattel.

Your published works, "*God against Slavery*," and the "*Crime of Slavery*," are eminently distinguished by learning and zeal, directed by the purest Christian morality, and will, we doubt not, endure to future generations in this country, and in your own, as an irrefragable defence of freedom. We desire that in leaving our shore you should bear with you some testimony of our admiration for the high qualities both of head and heart which you have displayed, no less in advocating the rights of the oppressed, than in enduring with Christian forbearance and meekness the unrelenting hostility which your efforts on behalf of the enslaved have excited. We therefore beg your acceptance of this piece of plate, on which you will find engraven some names not unknown to the friends of the oppressed, with this copy of the works of Lord Erskine, the great constitutional lawyer, and advocate of personal liberty; and this sum of money, which we know will be expended to promote the cause of human freedom. We take leave of you with fervent wishes for your health and success, and on behalf of the subscribers we append our names.

SHAFTESBURY, Chairman.
S. MORLEY, Treasurer.
M. A. GARVEY, Hon. Sec.

The piece of plate presented was a silver salver, weighing eighty-four ounces—very handsome, as a personal inspection enables us to testify. It bears the following inscription:—

Presented to the Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York, in token of the honor in which he is held by British Christians, and of their sympathy with him in the noble and consistent course he has pursued in exhibiting slaveholding as a sin against God, and a violation of the first rights of humanity.

Right Honorable the Earl of Shaftesbury, Chairman.

Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird, Edward Baines, Esq., M. P., Edward Ball, Esq., M. P., Rev. Thomas Binney, Rev. William Brock, Charles Buxton, Esq., M. P., T. M. Coombs, Esq., Sir Charles Decimus Crosley, Rev. Robert Ferguson, L. L. D., Robert Hanbury, Esq., M. P., Rev. Thomas James, James Kershaw, Esq., M. P., Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Esq., M. P., Robert Lush, Esq., Q. C., Charles Edward Mudie, Esq., Rev. James Sherman, Rev. John Stoughton, Edward Swaine, Esq., Rev. James H. Wilson, Joshua Wilson, Esq., Samuel Morley, Esq., Treasurer, M. A. Garvey, Esq., Honorable Secretary.

☞ Slavery is consolidated anarchy. To "conquer a peace," we must abolish slavery. To defeat the South, without abolishing slavery, would not be to conquer a peace, but to perpetuate insurrection. It is folly to think of saving a city by confining the fire to a certain number of blocks. No matter how many firemen you may keep employed, there will still be danger of a conflagration. The only wise way is to *put out the fire*. Now, as no one denies that slavery is the cause, and the sole cause of the war, as it has been the sole cause of all the quarrels between the North and South, why not put it out of existence, once for all, and thus establish a perpetual peace?—*Erie True American.*

## HOW THE "CONTRABANDS" RUN.

That the slaves know what is going on is very clear from the reports that reach us from all quarters of the South. The Washington *Intelligencer* publishes the following statement from a correspondent in St. Mary's county, Maryland, dated August 15:—

"There is quite a rush to our shore of the blacks from Virginia. On Tuesday morning last a bateau, in which were ten likely negroes, was stranded on Cornfield Point. They got safe to land, and were taken up by the neighborhood patrol, and last night, I believe, they were taken back to Virginia. Virginia, who was so sensitive about losing a single fugitive slave that she joined in this unnatual rebellious war, is now having her negroes escaping by hundreds."

A correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* writes from Washington:—

"Finally, our informant reports the conduct of the slaves brought into communion with our army as excellent. Wherever opportunity has offered, they have deserted *en masse*, and have rendered valuable service as spies, and no one instance is known of their having proved faithless to their trust; it mattered little whether their owners were Union men or secessionists; they all quit service as soon as an opportunity offered. A Union man in the vicinity of Alexandria, whose property has been protected by the army, came into camp one day with a statement that it was of no use to try to keep any 'niggers' in the vicinity of the army. 'Even old aunt Elsie,' said he, 'who is over seventy years old, who has nursed me and my children, and who neither does nor can work longer—even she left me this morning.'"

The Providence correspondent of the New Bedford *Mercury* gives the following:—

"Wade Hampton is said to have gone to battle attended by a favorite slave. Reynolds is attended by an African likewise—a huge, double-fisted, brawny Ethiopian stevedore, known by the familiar cognomen of Jim Reeder. Wherever is seen the form of the captain, there also looms the dark outline of the still darker and redoubtable Jim. A story is related of this African, which is too good to be lost. When the 1st regiment went, Reeder went as servant to Reynolds, then a lieutenant. As the steamer neared the Virginia shore, going round Cape Charles, a wag asked Jim to show his free papers. The features of the swarthy Hannibal settled into an unconquerable, stubborn expression, as the huge knotted hands went into the secret depths of his regimentals and flashed out, quick as lightning, grasping like death a brace of ugly revolvers. 'Massa, dem's my papers.' The wag was demolished."

A correspondent of the Milwaukee (Wis.) *Sentinel*, writing from Baltimore, says:—

"While tarrying here, a little incident occurred, occasioning some excitement. A poor specimen of humanity belonging to company C, went down town and brought up a policeman to arrest some fugitive slaves, which he alleged had been stolen by men of the regiment. His object seemed to be to reënslave a poor fellow who had run away from Virginia, and after securing his liberty, had been employed as a servant in company C; but his machinations failed, as the policemen were unable to find that or any other negro. A storm of hisses greeted the fellow who had made this attempt at reënslaving a negro, as the majority of the men of the regiment wished it to be understood that they did not go South, either to steal or hunt negroes."

*Per Contra.*

The Frederick (Md.) *Examiner* of the 21st inst., contains the following:—

"One day last week, a gentleman of Urbana district visited the camp of General Banks at Sandy Hook, in pursuit of a fugitive slave, who was believed to have sought concealment there. The gentleman met a courteous reception, and every facility to prosecute his object was afforded him. At length his search proved successful, and he was permitted, without hindrance or molestation, to reclaim the fugitive and take him back to his master."

The Baltimore *Clipper* of August 22, says:—

"On Tuesday night, Capt. Nones, of the cutter Forward, now anchored off Fort Carroll, captured two negroes in a canoe, who were endeavoring to escape from their masters. One of the negroes belongs to Mr. Dunnock, on Wiggins's Neck, and the other to Samuel Knign, of the same place. The negroes were placed on board of the cutter, and will be returned to their masters as soon as circumstances will permit."

FEAR OF INSURRECTIONS. The North Carolina troops have been ordered from Virginia, it is reported, to guard against insurrections at home. Yet Southern papers tell us that there is no danger, and that the slaves, to a man, will fight for their masters. A dispatch to the New York *Times* has the following on the subject of insurrections:—

"It will be generally recollected that, shortly after the election in 1856, the Tennessee papers gave accounts of threatened insurrection among the slaves of a portion of the State, and that the insurrection was induced by the supposition, prevalent among the blacks, that Fremont was coming up the river, backed by a large army, for the purpose of liberating all the slaves. The exact details of this insurrectionary movement were never fully published, but it is known that many slaves were tried and found guilty, some being executed and others sent farther South. From well authenticated sources, it is ascertained that the superstition of 1856 has been revived; that the presence of Fremont at the head of the Western forces is already known to the negroes, and that his re-appearance is hailed as a precursor of their liberation. This feeling has spread rapidly within the last month, and it is attracting great attention and exciting much alarm among the rebels. My informant assures me that if once the name of Fremont is connected with any victory over the rebels, or that he is known to be in the State of Tennessee or Mississippi, the negroes will at once rise in rebellion. It is said that the fear of this danger at their thresholds induced the rebels to take the offensive in Missouri, and to keep the battle-field as far as possible from the eager and watching negroes."

GEN. LANE AND SLAVERY. Gen. Lane answered at Leavenworth on the 15th ult., and in an address to the citizens, said,—

"Kansas has a glorious reputation; it must be sustained. We will not refrain from marching Union armies into slave States for fear of injuring their institution. He was the last man in the world to catch slaves for traitors. The institution of slavery will perish with the march of the Union army, and thank God it is so! He wouldn't march into Missouri or Arkansas to destroy slavery, but he wouldn't object to seeing a Union army marching in, and an army of slaves marching out. If slavery perishes, the fault is with its friends. We have to choose between our government and a military despotism based on slavery."

THE U. S. MARSHALS AND THE SLAVE TRADE. It will be remembered that the United States Marshals of all the Districts embracing ports of entry in the loyal States met at New York, a few days since, to devise more effectual measures for the suppression of the African slave trade, so far as the fitting out of slavers at ports under their jurisdiction is concerned. The New York *Herald* says that the scheme adopted by them will necessarily not be made public, but it is understood to be such as will, in a very short time, put a complete extinguisher upon this nefarious and inhuman traffic—at least, so far as the citizens of our own country are concerned.

These officers have entered upon the subject with great zeal and determination, and should they realize their expectations, they will deserve the praise and thanks of the whole country, indeed, of the civilized world. The general system which they have adopted for their operations is of the most ingenious character, and those parties who have been engaged in the fitting out of vessels, and secretly carrying on an extensive trade and amassing large fortunes almost with impunity, will now find that their occupation is gone.

The most complete system has been instituted, and if properly carried out, it will not be long before some important arrests will be made. Men worth their hundreds of thousands in the Northern cities are today secretly coöperating with notorious characters engaged in the slave traffic, and some bright morning they will be suddenly aroused from their quiet slumbers by a gentle tap at the door of their elegant mansion, by one of these guardians of the public, communicating intelligence which will probably bring them to a sense of their danger.

## A NATIONAL FAST.

*To the Editor of the New York Tribune:*

SIR,—As President Lincoln has proclaimed a National Fast Day, it would be well to search the Book of Instruction to find out what kind of fast will be acceptable to the Lord. See fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and sixth verse particularly:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

Are we prepared for such a fast? N. T. V.

☞ The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 2d ult. says:—"The colored people of this city celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of West India Emancipation yesterday. In the morning, a meeting of the colored Sabbath schools was held in Zion's Church, at which appropriate addresses were made by several persons. In the afternoon, addresses were delivered at Allen Chapel by Rev. H. H. White, Rev. Rufus Conrad, and Mr. John P. Sampson; and in the evening, service was held in the Baker Street Church, Rev. G. Graham officiating."